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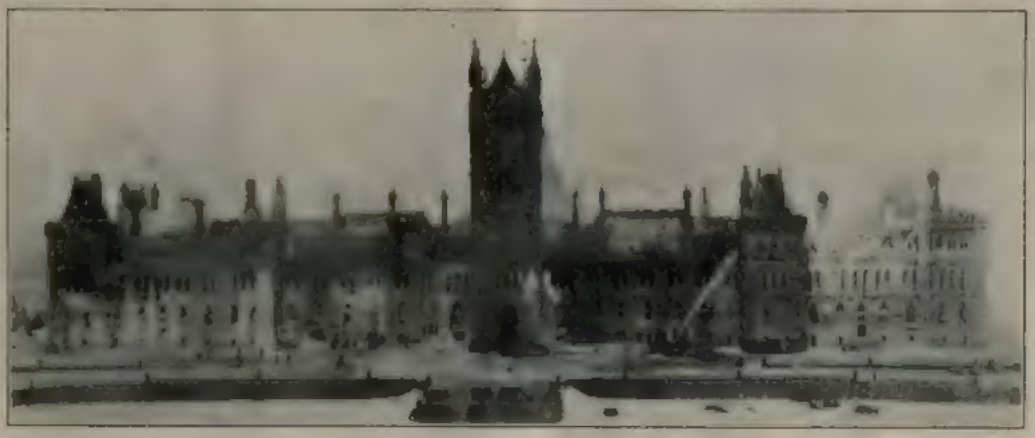
Running Riot Through Canada's Legislative Bodies

By Madge Macbeth

Illustrated from Photographs



THE recent burning of Canada's main Parliament Building has focussed the interest and attention of the whole of the Dominion upon that splendid Gothic structure and the Institution it represents.

If fifty-seven years is long for the life of architecture, then the Parliament Building was old and "out-of-date" as people claim, for work was begun upon it in December, 1859. During the May of that year, a competition for designs had been opened to the public and in September the award was given to Mr. Thomas Fuller. Fuller was an Englishman with quite a reputation for Italian-Gothic architecture which happened to be much in vogue at the time; that and the fact that Lord Monck threw the weight of his influence in its favour, proved decisive.

The corner stone was laid in 1860 by the then Prince of Wales, and the entire population of the Capital were en fete for the occasion. Although completion was expected by 1862, the building was not ready for occupancy until 1866, so the First Session opened in the year prior to Confederation amid stirring times. June 8th, marked a date coincident with the first Fenian Raid invasion, and Parliament was consequently somewhat militant in tone.

The First Session, marked also, the end of the old regime. On July 1st, 1867, Canada celebrated the union of Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick; and she celebrated royally.

The British North America Act which cemented the four Provinces into an infant Dominion, provided that the Constitution of Canada should be similar in principle to that of the United Kingdom; hence the appointment of our governing bodies—such as a representative of the reigning Sovereign, a Premier, a Privy Council, the Senate and the House of Commons. This latter body was situated in the western wing of the burned building, which was restfully green in tone. The Senate occupied the eastern wing which was gorgeously red in colour. The Library of Parliament was built between the two wings at the back, and has been, happily, very little damaged. The rest of the Parliament Building was given over to offices, press rooms, the restaurant, and living accommodation for the two Speakers, as well as many other officials connected with the business of the country.

Storm followed storm in those early days. Indeed, the political heavens have never become monotonously cloud free. But back in '67-'68, strong men were swayed by

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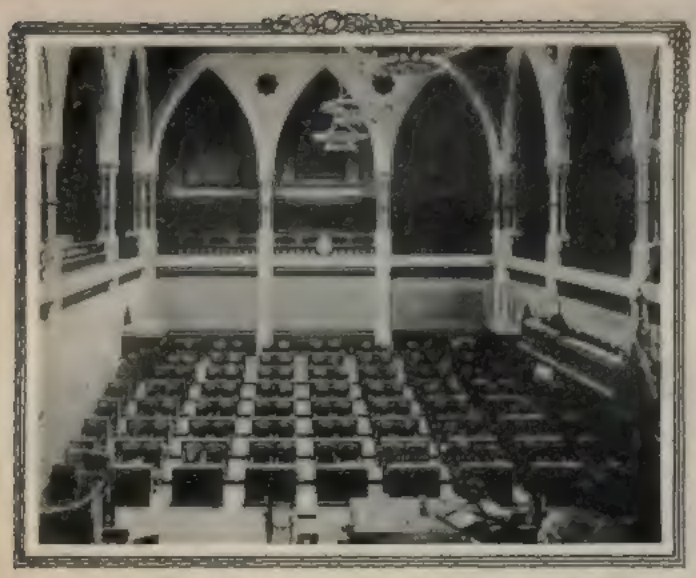

The House of Commons was situated in the west wing, which was restfully green in tone.

strong passions, and they used correspondingly strong language on the floor of the House, in the Corridors, or wherever they happened to be.

Those were the days in which the Pacific Scandal embroiled some of our biggest men; those were the days when Sir John Macdonald, Dr. Tupper and Donald Smith rarely met without casting violent aspersions upon the moral status of each other, and they seldom paused to consider Parliamentary phraseology in which to couch their forcible utterances. Those were the days before our Hansard came into being—Hansard, that body of faithful animated Pens, the fount of whose inspiration never runs dry—when expert short-hand writers from Washington were imported at enormous expense to record the vituperations of Canada's House of Commons and her Senate.

"Thief!" Dr. Tupper would roar across the strip of carpet which separated him from brawny Donald Smith.

"Liar!" would return the latter so quickly, that pencils snapped at the point in their effort to take it down.

The unrevised version of that time reads more like a brawl in an Oriental Bazaar than the proceedings of a legislative body. It bristles with Scoundrel, Robber, Liar, Thief and many lesser opprobrious epithets. But even the unrevised edition of Hansard holds no account of the actual hand-to-hand encounter, between Sir John and the future Lord Strathcona, which took place in the Corridor.

Sir John made the attack, but he would have fared ill had not various members hastily intervened and by sheer force of numbers dragged the irate giant Smith away.

Frequently, strangers who make a point of attending a debate or two are disappointed at the tameness of the House of Commons as considered from the Gallery. They do not stop to realize that many more interesting events transpire in the Corridors, in the Press Rooms, in the Restaurant and elsewhere in the Building, than upon the floor of the House.

Hansard is an interesting institution in itself. A large staff of men are employed in the Commons and the Senate to report verbatim what is spoken in each Chamber. In the Senate two reporters work simultaneously fifteen minutes at a time; in the Commons, one is deemed sufficient. Occasionally, before his shift is ended, he has to send a page for relief. . . . should a French member rise to speak. For, according to the Constitution, "either the English or French language may be used by any person in the Debates of the Houses of the Parliament of Canada, and of the Houses of the Legislature of Quebec, and both these langugages are used in the respective Records and Journals of those Houses, and either of those languages may be used by any person or in any Pleading or Process in or issuing from, any Court of Canada established under the B. N. A. Act and in or from all or any of the Courts of Quebec."

Hansard reports are expurgated, translated and printed in the Printing Bureau at the close of each day's proceedings. They are available to him who asks, and each member receives the report of the day previous when he goes to his desk. It is not infrequent, however, to find mistakes even after the manuscript is printed, after it has passed under the eagle eye and blue pencil of the Chief of the Hansard Staff. These errors provide subject for some twitting on the part of the opposite side of the House, and subject for rather long-winded explanations from the member misquoted.

Another interesting and important adjunct to Parliament, is what is known as the Press Gallery, a number of representatives from newspapers all over the country who give out to the country through the mediums of their papers, reports, warnings, advice and prophetic utterances inspired by what happens during the session. Very few women have ever been admitted to this august body—the writer being one exception and a notable one being Sara Jeanette Duncan.

When the country rose in protest against Sir John Macdonald and his party, the Hon. Alexander Mackenzie (who, you will remember refused knighthood) took his seat as Chief Executive in the very building upon which he had worked as stone mason some years before. He had a high ambition, and tried to make his governing as austerely honest as the previous one had been lax. Evidently, the people objected to one as much as the other, for efforts to pry into the Dominion Strong Box, by pilferous and devious means, were so numerous and frequent, that the Premier bitterly remarked,

"I have to sleep with my arms around the Treasury!"

And so the country turned 'em out—turned 'em out—turned 'em out, and reinstated the Tories again with Sir John as the triumphant leader. They won their election by a tremendous majority on the "National Policy" issue, but as sometimes happens when

The Senate occupied the eastern wing, which was gorgeously red

a prominent leader is defeated in his own constituency—Sir John, himself, lost his riding at Kingston. A seat was immediately found for him in British Columbia where he had as his colleague a somewhat unlettered gentleman.

The latter proud that he was so closely associated with the Premier never lost an opportunity of mentioning the fact while on the floor of the House. One day, when he brought up the subject so dear to his heart and said, "You know, Sir John, we are both rowing in the same boat," the old chieftain replied with a shade of irritation,

"Yes, but not with the same *sculls* !"

It was in the Mackenzie administration that the Hon. Timothy Warren Anglin was appointed Speaker of the House of Commons, and following the prescribed custom, moved into the portion of the main building which is known as the Speaker's quarters. Here is where Miss Margaret Anglin was born and where she spent the earlier years of her childhood, playing at make-believe and peopling the quaint residence with characters that are scarcely less interesting than those who sat just beyond its green doors. She was the only child ever born in the building. Indeed, very few children have ever lived "on the Hill," the notable exceptions being those of the newly-appointed Speaker, Dr. Sevigny. These little tots were dropped from a window by their mother into a net, while the room blazed behind them. They landed in safety. Mme. Sevigny was also forced to jump and escaped bodily injury. Not so fortunate, however, were her two guests. Probably, the only tragedies the Speaker's Quarters have ever known, were the deaths of Mme. Bray and Mme. Morin, who were suffocated before they could escape from the building.

Morin reminds one of the interesting little character of that name, one of the few Conservative members returned in the Province of Quebec in 1896. Jean Baptiste Morin wore snowshoe moccasins and loved to sit in the Corridors chatting with the pages with whom he seemed to feel more at home than with the majority of his colleagues. During the exciting debate over the Mackenzie-Mann Bill, in regard to a railway into the Yukon in '98, Morin felt himself called by Heaven (and justice) to make a speech.

"An' I will spik in English, too," he boasted.

After working himself into a frenzy of righteous indignation and an almost unintelligible jargon, he suddenly burst out quite clearly.

"An' w'at will' dey say — de contractors — eh ? Mr. Speaker, dey will say to Hell with de road !"

Sir James Edgar, the Speaker, tall, dignified, the epitome of decorum, rose slowly from his seat and transfixed the little Jean Ba'tiste with his eye. Since the days of the Pacific Scandal, Parliamentary language had improved and members were supposed to use a certain control in the matter of diction. But before Sir James could utter the reproof which trembled on his lips, Morin, anticipating the rebuke, made frantic gestures and cried.

"It's all right, Mr. Speaker. . . . I didn't say no'ting at all. . . . YOU SIT DOWN !"

This was recorded in Hansard, of course, but the objectionable parts were deleted by the censor.

A unique circumstance centres around various administrations occurring between the death of Sir John Thompson and the advent of the Laurier Government. The Constitution decrees that five years limits the time one party may remain in power without an election. At the time Sir John died, there was still a couple of years left to the party and Sir Mackenzie Bowell, one of the most picturesque figures in the Senate to-day, was called upon by the Governor General to "form a Ministry which he succeeded in doing. He took office as President of the Council, and reconstructed the Ministry in 1896." Thus he was both Premier and President of the Council. But in '96 the Conservative party found themselves disrupted over the Manitoba School Question, better known perhaps as the Remedial Bill. The men who sat on the Government Benches could hardly be called a "party" so split were they into warring factions and even the Cabinet failed to stand by its head. The deserted Premier referred to his Ministers as a "nest of traitors." And he resigned.

Sir Charles Tupper immediately stepped into his shoes—Sir Charles whose recent death marks the passing of the last of the Fathers of Confederation. He refused to go to the country, anticipating certain defeat; rather, he and his followers preferred to allow Parliament to die by efflux—the first and last time in its history.

Sir Louis Davies, then merely a member from Prince Edward Island, claimed the unique distinction of being on his feet when the House drew its last breath. The situation increased in dramatic tensity as the two big clocks told off the minutes by spasmodic jerks. As midnight struck, the Speaker interrupted him in the middle of a sentence, the Hansard man inscribed a—— upon his page and the seventh Parliament automatically died.

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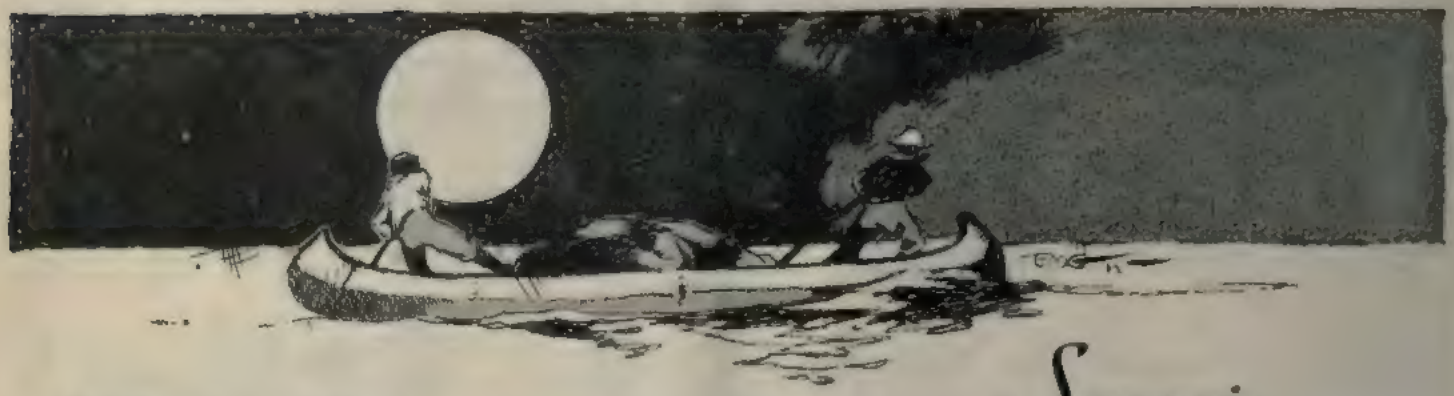
On the afternoon following the fire the House of Commons sat in the Theatre, the only place available, the Speaker on the stage, under a Florentine curtain and over footlights; Parliament was dramatic in tone.

The Son of the Otter

By George Van Schaick

Illustrated by Frederic M. Grant



Synopsis

Peter McLeod is appointed agent for the Hudson Bay Company at Grand Lac, to succeed the inebriate Jim Barry, recently deceased. Upon his arrival at the Post, Peter finds stores depleted and accounts unkept. He tries to restore order and accidentally discharges an old pistol which wounds him in the leg. The various remedies applied by the Indians result in blood poisoning and he is near to death. Uapukun, a lovely young Indian girl, nurses him back to health and is rewarded with his love. She had been a servant for Barry's wife, during that unfortunate woman's lifetime, and her knowledge of affairs at the Post is a great aid to Peter in straightening out the financial chaos. She tells him that the brighteyed youngster Ahteck, always at her side, is her brother; both presently become essential to McLeod's happiness and he marries her. He never leaves her, the lithe young Indian lad, or their own two little ones and his fortunes prosper. One evil day, when he is away on a week's hunting trip a band of Nascaupees arrive and their spokesman reveals himself to Uapukun as the avenging husband who has sought out her hiding place. She can purchase his silence only by giving him expensive stores and firearms. She refuses and he is about to strike her when Ahteck, hearing his threats, rushes upon him and fells him with a blow. He believes he has killed his father, as he now knows him to be, and his fears are strengthened when the Indians flee overnight. He insists upon leaving home lest the punishment of offended deities may include those he loves, and journeys to Pointe Bleue, where he finds the Indians friendly. Here he works in a sawmill and lives with the family of Jean Caron, whose little daughter, Mititesh, alone can rouse him from his gloom. He goes on trapping expeditions with Caron's friend, Paul Barotte, and finally abandons his work at the sawmill for this newer occupation.

Upon the death of Peter McLeod, Uapukun seeks out Ahteck, overcomes his scruples, and, with the snug sum which Peter has left her, makes a comfortable home for Ahteck and the two children.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

The time was coming for Ahteck to start again with Paul Barotte for the winter's hunting. For a few months she had possessed her great son again, and knew that his absence of many months would make the days terribly long for her, since she would daily wonder whether some frightful judgment from on high was not hovering over him. But she had no thought of trying to keep him. The hunting was his living; it was the life he longed for, the opportunity to toil so hard that for very weariness and exhaustion he would sleep soundly and forget the obsession that was upon him. Paul Barotte often came in. He was a cheerful soul, always singing, and his friend's taciturnity and gloom never affected him. The two children had grown fond of him, and were always glad to welcome him.

As usual they would have gone up with Jean Caron, but a few days of guiding kept them back. The older man did not care to wait, saying he did not feel very strong, that year. Doubtless the air of the woods and the clear cold would make him all right again soon. That cough of his would surely stop then, and the flesh would return to his bones. He would go up in leisurely traveling, taking things easy, for his woman also was not very strong. But Mititesh his daughter was growing into quite a big girl, and was very helpful, and there would be no trouble.

Therefore, on an August day, Jean Caron took his two canoes and provisions, with his wife and daughter, across the lake on a little steamer that was going to the mouth of the Peribonca. A thin film of ice had formed that night over a pail of water that had stood near the door of the house, and he was glad he had decided on an early start. On the deck of the little steamer he sat and persistently smoked a strong pipe that made him cough harder. It would surely pass off, when they reached the places where men were not all huddled up, and there was room to breathe in comfort.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE VOICE IN THE WILDERNESS

AHTECK and Paul Barotte returned from their guiding a week later. It was the first of September before they left Pointe Bleue, crossing the big lake to the mouth of the Peribonca, a large river flowing through an inlet in the twisted bed of a shallow delta half choked with the sands that come down with the Spring's murky floods. Here the hard work began.

Those unfamiliar with the needs of men in a wilderness have little idea of the enormous quantity of supplies they require. The average man, working hard, consumes at least two and a half pounds of food a day. For two men, during the nine months till the first of June, this represents over thirteen hundred pounds. As they expected to eke out their supply with game such as hare and partridges, besides a few heads of big game, if they were lucky, for it is scarce in that immediate region, they took a little less than a thousand pounds, mostly flour and pork and tea. Then the new traps, the ammunition, the blankets, the guns and the clothing, amounted to several hundred pounds more, and the two canoes were laden nearly to the water's edge. But it was impossible for a man alone to propel a canoe up the swift current of a strong river, so that the progress was made by the taking of one canoe up for some miles by the two hunters, who walked back on the bank to bring the other one up in turn. Over the portages, that were

many, the canoes and the outfit required many trips until everything was carried over. From early morning till sundown they toiled, in the heat of the day, pestered by mosquitoes and black-flies innumerable, their bodies dripping with sweat.

A few miles away from the lake they found Jean Caron's log shack. The family had arrived the day before, although they had left with over a week's start. The man was already encamped with his wife and Mititesh, his daughter, who was now thirteen and well-grown for her years. Between her and her parents there was a painful contrast. Jean was coughing badly and mentioned with the most stolid indifference the fact that he had spat some blood, while carrying big loads during the journey over the portages. With the wonderful hopefulness of most consumptives he declared that he would soon be entirely well again.

He had no doubt that there were provisions enough to carry them over the winter, with care, and providing it should not last too long. He had seen tracks of moose. They were never plentiful in that part of the country, yet he might have the luck to kill one, later on, when the cold weather would allow the meat to keep long. It would be a great help to them. As to caribou he had seen no signs, but some might come later on, for they were great wanderers, here one day and gone the next.

"If you should have trouble," said Ahteck,

For a moment he stopped on the sill to see what manner of weather the sunset was portending for the next day. Suddenly he turned his head to one side, listening eagerly. Just to the south rose a cry that was surely the call of a man in distress

"you know the place of our camp, thirty miles above this, and doubtless we will come down again for Christmas."

The man nodded. The two lads had packed up their tent and loaded the canoes, ready to start. They filled their pipes anew and shook hands. Mititesh came forward, sorry to see them leave. Ahteck took off a bright red neckerchief he had worn about his neck and handed it to her. She shook her head at first, rather bashfully, but finally she was glad to take it, and wished them good luck.

So they entered their canoes again, for there was an easy bit of dead water ahead.

They found their little shack in good order. The small cast-iron stove was hardly rusted at all, for they had taken pains to grease it thoroughly before leaving in the spring, as well as the traps. There was a great deal of work to be attended to before the winter's work began in earnest. They made a huge provision of firewood, overhauled the steel traps, prepared stretching rings and the flat boards used for cased pelts, and saw carefully to the babiche of their snowshoes.

As they had foreseen, the winter proved a hard one that year; there were constant falls of snow which often covered up most of the traps, in spite of the little shelters of branches made to protect them, and entailing much hard work all along the line. Then every snowfall was followed by cold growing more and more bitter, till mittened fingers grew numb, and the skin of their faces blackened and cracked and bled. It became so intense that, when they were traveling, rather lightly clad, since very heavy clothing impedes fast going, and chanced to be unable to reach one of the small shacks, they would sometimes be sleepless all night, building great fires lest they might freeze to death. On very still nights, when there was little danger from flying sparks and embers, they could build two fires and lie down between them for short sleeps, till more fuel had to be added. But on one occasion the wind arose suddenly, and Paul's clothes caught fire so that he was rather badly singed before he could roll in the snow.

Christmas was not very far off when, one day, they met again at the main camp. Ahteck had managed to shoot a young bull moose, and came in with a

tremendous load of meat, which was hung up in a place of safety, frozen hard, and fat which they tried into empty cans for future use. The remainder he had carefully put away on a high scaffold, out of reach of foxes and other robbers. It would keep all winter.

They spoke of soon celebrating the day by going to visit the Carons, to whom they would bring a good present of meat. They would all speak of the women and children far to the south, who would throng the little church of the Oblate Fathers and lift up their voices in song at the midnight mass. There would be great steaks of the moose, fried in fat, and there would be also some of the fine white meat of a lynx. The tea would be flavored with more than the usual small portion of sugar, which, in bitter cold, man craves exceedingly.

The days were short indeed. It was only four o'clock but the sun was already low down on the horizon, bathing the great snow-covered world in a flood of crimson. Paul had just repeated, as he counted on his fingers, the tally of their goodly store of pelts. They had many hides of mink and marten, of the fierce fishers that are said to be able to run down and kill foxes, with some lynx and otters and large bundles of marten. After this he went on to speak of a *carcajou*, or wolverine, that had been robbing some traps with the devilish ingenuity of his kind, and of many unavailing efforts to capture the beast. As the supply of wood for the stove would need replenishing for the night he drew on his mittens, pulled his old fur cap down over his ears and opened the door.

For a moment he stopped on the sill, to see what manner of weather the sunset was portending for the next day. Suddenly he turned his head to one side, listening eagerly, with the breath steaming from his open mouth.

"Oh, Ahteck!" he called.

Swiftly his companion jumped to his side and they both stood still, listening keenly.

"What was it?" asked Ahteck.

Then, from the tangle and the wilderness of the thick woods just to the south of them arose a cry that was no howl of *Maigan*, the wolf, or of *Uapukulu*, the great white Arctic owl, but surely the call of a man in distress.

CHAPTER IX.

THE LAST JOURNEY OF JEAN CARON

In spite of the fierce cold and the terrible toil they had been experiencing the tale of the earlier winter had been one of success for the two young men. To the south of them, however, the march of events had culminated in disaster.

Jean Caron had continued, like a brave man, to make light of his trouble and to indulge in hopes probably based in part on ignorance of the real nature of his malady. With the coming of frost he would be better; daily he declared that he was stronger; yes, he was growing thinner, but this was due to the hard work! Such were the illusions with which he encouraged himself and, to some extent, deceived the girl and the woman who shared his hardships. He traveled his long line as formerly, but at night slept exhausted, racked by a continual cough, bathed by perspirations that chilled him to the bone when he rose in the morning and tottered in search of fuel for more fire wherewith to warm himself and boil his tea, of which he took a great deal, black and with the last trace of bitterness extracted from the leaves.

Mititesh took upon herself the tending of a fair part of the line, as far as she could cover it in a day's travel, for her mother was always anxious lest something should happen to the child, and feared to be left alone to spend the nights. The girl worked with indomitable energy, in the measure of her strength. Gradually the cooking devolved upon her, and the cutting of firewood and stretching of the few skins she obtained and those the man brought in, so that she became gaunt with overwork, though still strong on account of her youth.

Jean left early one morning, his wife staring at him as he disappeared through the woods on his snowshoes, swaying in his gait more like a man returning utterly exhausted from a long hunt than one just starting for a four days' trip. She was conscious of his indomitable courage, but it terrified her. She had tried to prevail on him to remain longer in camp, to rest until greater strength should return, but he had shaken his head, fastened the thongs about his feet and departed, the snowshoes seeming to drag after him, as he bent forward, apparently overburdened by the light load of his gun and the small pack containing his blankets and food, with some bait.

They had a small dog with them, of the nondescript breed found among the canoe Indians. They prefer small animals, for the heavier ones take room in the canoes and require more food. Those who take larger dogs are compelled to let them run along the banks of rivers, where they have to find their way through frightful tangles and swim many smaller streams to follow their masters. Mititesh was fond of the little roughcoated thing, that was as yet little more than a pup and followed her in the woods whenever she went out to her traps.

Jean Caron had been gone but a few hours when Mititesh, who had left soon after, going in an opposite direction, returned to the camp with a hare she had snared and a fine marten. She was happy. It was a good day's work and the mother, who had been mending a ragged pair of trousers belonging to her man, smiled at the child and praised her.

"Wilt thou skin the hare?" said Mititesh. "I will go out and cut more wood. There will be light for a short time yet."

The woman swiftly prepared the hare and cut it in pieces, intending to cook a small portion of it and to keep the rest for Jean. She placed some pieces in the frying pan, after melting fat in which the meat soon sizzled, and turned it over with a sharp stick. Presently it was nearly done and she went out, in the intense cold, to call the child. But the latter was some distance away, for all the near-by wood had long been used up, and she had to walk a short distance before calling.

In the meanwhile the small dog, with the never-satisfied hunger of his kind, had been sniffing outside the shack. The woman had forgotten to latch the door from outside, in her haste, and a small paw pulled it open. The meat was still frying, sending forth heavenly odors, and the pup leaped for it. There was a yell as he fell back with scalded feet. He had borne down on the handle of the pan, which upset. Some of the fat fell on the stove, where it blazed at once, and ran down to the floor, covered with long-dried boughs of balsam. In a moment they were burning fiercely. The woman had heard the yell, and saw the dog running out of the place. She hurried back and a blinding cloud of smoke was issuing from the door. She shouted for Mititesh, who dropped her ax and came running through the heavy snow. The river was frozen hard and they had been in the habit of melting ice for water. The child sought to enter the shack but was driven out by the flames. Her futile efforts to throw snow inside were of no avail, and an hour later the two were standing, haggard and terrified, near the remains of their winter home that was now a mass of charred, smoking logs. Jean's provision of black gunpowder had ignited and caused a severe explosion. Though Mititesh continued to throw snow on the ruins, while her mother had sunk down at the foot of a tree, they continued to smolder during the whole night, the cloud of smoke rising high and drifting over the woodland.

The food stored in the place was gone, as were the blankets and the meager lot of fur caught until then.

Fortunately there stood outside an old tent, quite worn out, that had served to cover the two canoes. With

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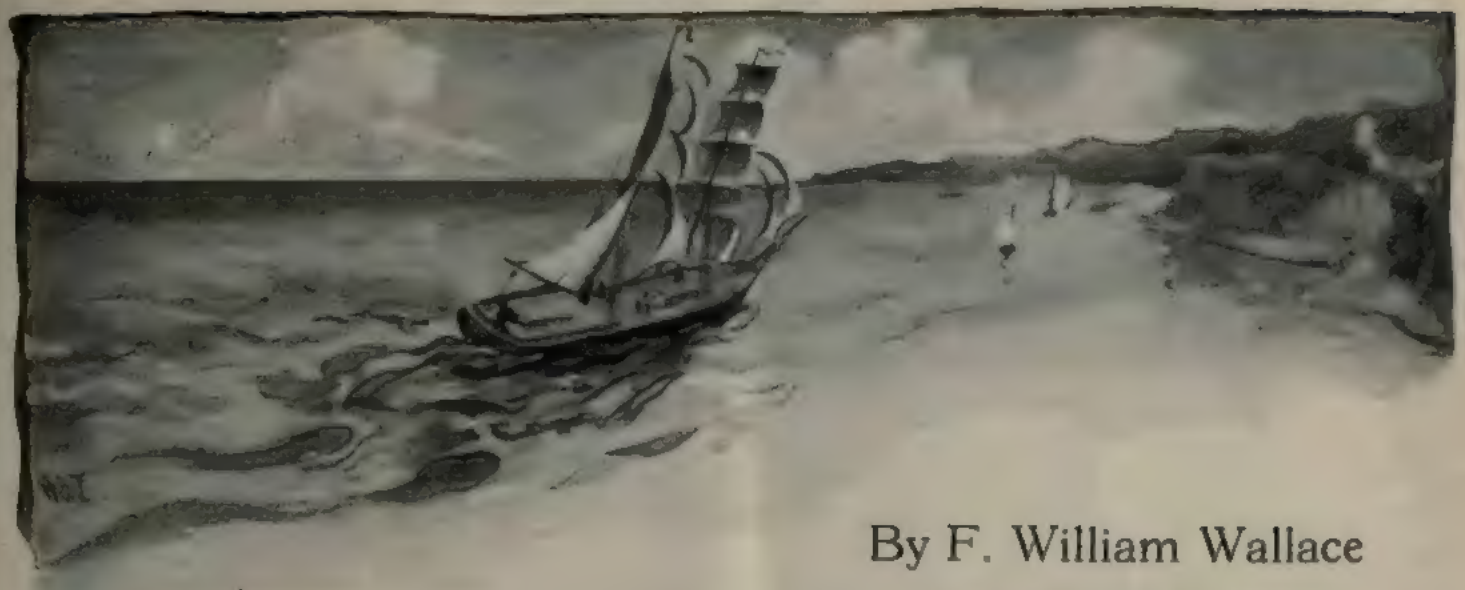
The Way of the Sea



By F. William Wallace

Illustrated by W. B. Timlin

IT'S the story writers what does it. The jokers with the imagination, plenty of blank paper and a full ink-pot. They know all about the sea and a sea life. Writing their thrilling yarns of Jolly Jack by the open window of a sea-side hotel and with a gramophone buzzing out "A Life on the Ocean Wave" for inspiration. It's all plain sailing and Trade Winds with those jokers. Stormy weather gives them a grand topic for heroics in their literary slush. "Jack Devereux, hearing the Captain whimpering in fear at the rage of the storm, steps into the breach; takes the wheel himself, and putting heart into the frightened officers and crew by his manly bearing, brings the bark safely through the hurricane." That's the line of talk. The bold 'prentice boy on his first voyage taking charge of the ship and working her around Cape Stiff single-handed.

But it sends the boys to sea. "It's a grand life—a man's life!" says they who know no better. "It's a hell of a life—a dog's life!" say we who have been through the mill and come out ground.

I mind when the Nipper first joined us. His name was Percy Smith. His father was a well-to-do grocer in the West End of Glasgow. Percy was full to the back teeth with the romance of a sea life. He'd read every sea yarn to be got, and when he left school, pestered his old man to send him asailoring. Old Smith, knowing no better, dug into his bank account; ponied up sixty pounds of a premium to a firm of sailing ship owners for the Nipper's apprenticeship, and looked forward to the time when his investment would see his son skippering a ten thousand ton liner.

The Smiths and my folks were neighbors out Kelvinside way, and when I hit the beach after two years' blue-watering, the kid came and told me that he was joining our bark and that we'd be shipmates together. He had his 'prentice's brassbound uniform on then. He'd been wearing it around for a month. . . and the kid hadn't even trod a windjammer's decks! It didn't matter. We were all the same. The natty blue serge with the gold braid, brass buttons, and badged cap makes a boy look like a very devil of a fellow. . . and the girls go crazy over him.

The Nipper told me he was practising swimming at the Baths. Didn't I think that was a wise thing? I laughed and told him he'd better learn to wag his tail. He couldn't see the joke. We had three weeks ashore before joining the ship. He spent the time calling on all his relations and friends in his brass bound rig and showing the girls his sheath knife, oilskins and seaboots. I spent mine in laying abed until I felt like getting up; eating the best meals I could get, and spending my evenings at the Grand, Royalty, Empire and Princess Theatres. I could appreciate those things.

Sailing day came—the usual dirty Glasgow rain with it—a miserable drizzle with an east wind. I got aboard the *Loch Royne* at four in the morning; had changed my clothes and was handling wet, coal grimed towing hawsers to the accompaniment of the old Hieland mate's curses, when the Nipper and his old man came down the dock in a cab. They came aboard—the kid with a black oilskin bridge coat over his brass bound uniform—and the cabby lugs the youngster's bag, mattress and sea chest to the gangway. "Here, you!" growls the mate to me. "Git Williams (another apprentice) an' pit Mister Smith's dunnage intae th' hauf-deck." Williams and I, grimy with coal dust and unrecognizable, trundled the dunnage aboard and into the apprentice's quarters—a house on the main-deck for'ard of the poop and known as the half-deck. "Mister" Smith, not recognizing me in my dirty clothes, favored Williams and I with a haughty stare as we yanked his sea chest aboard, and while the mate was talking to his father, the kid's eyes roamed aloft with a weatherwise glance. "Lookin' t' see where they put th' splice in th' main-brace," says Williams with a laugh. "Will ye note th' strut o' th' kid? An' jest listen to Old Bully-be-damned smilin' at him an' pattin' him on th' back as if he was th' prodigal son. Next time he feels th' mate's hand, it'll be a clip on the ear, I'm thinkin'. It won't be 'Mister Smith, our new apprentice' but 'that bloody young sculpin, Smith.'"

While the officer was chinning away with the Nipper's guv'nor, Williams, Case and I loafed inside the door of our berth and watched the trio. The skipper joined them a few minutes later, and as he was a mighty busy man that morning, he didn't encourage long farewells. "Yes, Mr. Smith," he said.

"We'll look after him an' by the time ye see him again he'll be a full fledged sailor an' big enough to eat a horse. Our company look after their boys well, sir, an' Mr. McDougall and I will keep an eye on him. (Hard lines on the Nipper if they do). Now, m'lad, ye'd better say good-bye to yer Pa. It's sailin' day, Mr. Smith and a busy time for all hands."

Young Smith said his farewells—carrying it off pretty big although I'll bet he was near blubbering—and Smith pere went ashore leaving the youngster lolling over the poop rail and feeling pretty blue, I'll bet. There was mighty little romance about a sea life that morning. Cold, raining, decks wet and filthy with coal muck, and the fo'c'sle drunks coming aboard.

We other 'prentices went on the poop again to bear a hand singling out our mooring lines, and passed the Nipper just as the "benevolent old sea dog" of a mate gave Percy his first impression of ship board politeness. "Noo, young shaver! Git awa' doon tae yer berth an' change that brass boond rig fur yer wurrkin' claes an' bear a hond. There's nae skulkin' or sojerin' aboard this packet, so step lively." And in a loud aside, he growled. "God peety us win' jammer mates! Every young —v'y'ge we get anither bluidy cub tae lick intae shape." And to us, wrestling with a squirming wire hawser at the after bitts, "Noo, there, what th' hell are ye tryin' tae dae wi' that? Damn ma bluidy eyes, but ye're th' most hondless crood o' skulkin' boys I ever saw. Wind that wire on th' drum. D'ye think ye can coil th' bluidy thing like a——tawps'l halliard?" And so on. Old McDougall was a pleasant swab on sailing days.

A few minutes after, the Nipper came up on the poop rigged out in dungaree and sea boots and with the badged cap still on his head. Lord! but he looked miserable. A sixteen year old schoolboy trying hard to believe that there was Romance aboard of a grimy, coal laden Scotch bark bound around the Horn for a South American nitrate port. But he was game, the little kid, for when the mate ordered Case to lay aloft and cut the rigger's stops adrift on the main, young Percy asked to be allowed to go with him. "Naw, naw," growled old Mac "I wouldny send ye aloft higher'n th' shear-pole. Ye'll fa' an' brek yer bluidy neck afore we're oot o' dock. Get a broom aft here an' sweep this deck up. Ye'll get yer belly full o' goin' aloft afore we make fufty-six South." Blow Number One for Romance. No thrilling, adventurous climb for him, but, instead, the menial task of sweeping the grimy slush off the bark's poop deck.

The "Jolly Jack Tars" were coming aboard now. In two's and three's, convoyed by hard-faced wives, tailors, boarding-house masters, and friends, they hove their sea bags over the rail and rolled aboard—drunk, quarrelsome and bestial. From every low dive on the Broomielaw, Briggate, and Stobcross they were dragged by those who had an interest in their bodies for the worth of a half-pay note. "A grand bunch o' Govan Road sailors," growled the mate. "Hauf o' them arena fit tae serve afore th' funnel o' th' Finnieston ferry. . . . mair scum tae lick intae shape afore th' Horn's t' wind'ard."

A miserable looking woman with a shawl over her head was engaged in a high pitched argument with her drunken scrub of a husband on the quay. Bow legged, stunted of growth, bullet head with the hair cropped short but for a "brushing lick" on the forehead—a steamship fireman by the look of him, but on our Articles as Able Bodied Seaman—he was endeavouring to turn a deaf ear to her pleadings for more money. "Come on, Joak," she was wailing. "Gie us anither twenty shullin's. Hoo am Ah tae leeve on whit ye've gien me fur fower weeks. There's th' rent tae pey, ye ken, an' claes tae buy fur th' wains. Gies anither quid, or we'll sterve——"

"Then sterve an' be damned tae ye!" mouthed the husband breaking away from her restraining hands. "Gang tae th' Poor Relief if ye want mair money, or tae th' Poor's Hoose—"

"Come, you, git aboard!" roared the mate. "D'ye think we can staund by waitin' fur you an' yer Ta-ta's?"

"A'richt, sir, Ah'm comin'," and giving the woman a vicious shove Bullet Head stumbled up the gangway.

Coal dust over everything; drizzling rain; decks littered with gear and fighting drunks. The three mates and the bo's'un swearing, bullying and pushing the drink sodden seamen around, and we three apprentices doing the work of all hands. Tugging viciously at heavy lines in the wet; black with the coal grime; bullied and cursed at by the ill-tempered officers—three gentlemen's sons, whose parents had paid a big premium for their nautical schooling, sweated and panted in their soaking clothes and damned the day they ever thought of going to sea. And the Nipper? He was seeing it all and pinning his ideals on the future. The future? Poor kid! He was like a young bear—all his troubles before him.

The Nipper was seeing it all and pinning his ideals on the future

They opened the swing bridge of the dock for us when the Clyde Trust tug whistled. The second mate, racing aft to attend to the stern hawser, stumbled over the Nipper sweeping up the poop. There was an oath from the officer; a savage blow accompanied by a string of Cockney curses about "young sojers bein' in everybody's wye arahnd decks" and the youngster reeled to the rail with his hands clapped to his ear. The broom lay athwart the deck; the mate stepped on the head of it and the handle flew up and struck him on the chin. More oaths (in a Hieland brogue this time) and Mister Smith was dragged by a savage fist to the poop ladder and given a rude shove. "Git awa' tae hell oot o' this! Awa' tae yer berth an' stay there, or, by Gode, Ah'll mak' a spread-eagle oot o' ye, yuh bluidy young peat!" Oh, yes, Percy was receiving his training. The training which learns a man to keep a stiff upper

lip; to grovel in servile obedience to ignorant, unfeeling brutes vested with authority; to do things, even to the risk of life and limb, and be thanked with a curse. That's the Way of the Sea!

We swung out into the black, foul smelling tide of the Clyde with the *Flying Squirrel* and the *Flying Phantom* straining at our lines ahead and astern. "Caleta Buena and God knows what or where is ahead of us now," muttered Williams. "Wonder how Mister Smith's makin' out?"

"He's learnin'," growled Case. "Jest saw th' mate shovin' him off th' poop with a few prayers. He was blubberin'——"

The mate came for'ard to where we were standing. "Noo, then, whit arre ye loafin' there fur? D'ye think ye're aboard th' bluidy *Conway* an' stannd-in' by tae receive lady veezeetors? Awa' aft, th' three o' ye. Tell th' second mate I want ye tae overhaul th' runnin' gear on th' main. There's rigger's holydays everywhere—even th' bluidy to' gallant clewlin's have a double turn roon th' royal backstay. Awa', noo, an' clear them!" Before he mounted the fo'c'sle head, he added, "An' git that young Smith shaver tae bear a hand. He micht as well begin an' earn his saut."

Case found him seated upon his chest in the half-deck crying. "Come on there," says Case. "Stow that blubberin'! What th' hell are ye greetin' about?"

The Nipper turned a tear and coal begrimed face to the big apprentice. "I—I've been badly treated on this ship," he sobbed. "One of the officers hit me and Mister McDougall swore at me—an' I—I wish I'd never come—"

"What did ye come for anyway?" growled Case.

"I came to learn to be a sailor——"

"You came to learn to be a dog!" said the apprentice. "An' ye've only just started in—that's th' hell of it. You ain't goin' to have your Ma an' Pa to wind'ard of you for th' next year'n half, me son, so buckle down an' make th' best of it. Ye probably worried hell out yer Dad an' got him to send ye to sea. He's paid a big whack o' money to the owners for your apprenticeship, an' don't you forget it. You've started in an' ye'll have to stick it out for four years anyway, so belay pipin' yer eye or I'll give ye somethin' to blubber about. Come on now! Get out here an' bear a hand, or th' bloody mate'll warm yer hide with a rope's end!" Small sympathy for a boy outwardbound on a long voyage, but sympathy is conspicuous by its absence on shipboard. Case was a decent warm hearted chap, but he'd been three years to sea and it had bitten into him. "Poor little kid," said he to me as we laid out on the topgallantyard a few minutes later. "I had to speak rough to him. . . . It's the only way to toughen him up for what's ahead of him. Give him sympathy an' he'll always look for it. Give him hell, an' he'll keep his troubles under his hat. That's the way aboard these bloody lime-juicers."

"Awa tae yer berth an' stay there, or ah'll mak' a spread-eagle oot o' ye!"

We knocked off for dinner, and Percy was told off to bring the scouse and tea aft from the galley. Salt beef hash, tea and hard tack made up the meal, and I could see the Nipper sniff in disgust at the miserable fare. "Is this the usual kind of grub we get?" he asked timidly. "Not by a long chalk," growled Case. "This is Hotel fare compared to what ye'll be glad to swaller later on. Make the most of it while it lasts, for ye'll eat yer fill o' rotten truck afore ye smell ham an' eggs again. After ye've made a voyage or two, son, ye'll learn to appreciate table cloths, silver an' cut glass. Ye'll say a mighty long Grace for plain bread an' butter and a penny herrin' when ye hit th' beach, I can tell ye—aye, even for a cup o' clean water. Wait 'til ye swig water three months in th' tanks—red rust an' lime-wash. Ye'll pay a dollar a tumblerful for honest Loch Katrine!"

Yes, the Nipper was learning, as we all learnt. Learning to take abuse

Continued on page 358.

Ten Years After the Rube Broke the Record

By Harry Moore

Illustrated by Bruce Cameron

OLD DAD GROOM ran slowly over the sporting pages of The Gleaner, The Times and The Globe of June 10th, ten years back, and sadly shook his head. Then he carefully folded up the papers and replaced them in the lid of an old metal trunk. Arising, he dropped the lid and proceeded to fill his pipe.

"The world is cold—is cold," he ruminated. "No," he corrected—"It's the people. Ten years ago when I gave The Rube a mark of 2.04 1-4 on the Grand Circuit, it was 'Well-Done, Jimmie, my boy,' 'Dear old Dad,' 'Help yourself to the best in the house—for the best is none too good for you.' Then when they seized my horse for a debt that wasn't on the square, the world said, 'Beat it—be on your way.' And then The Turf Club—The Turf Club that I worked so hard for—said, 'It serves him right—it serves him right—' And yet, 'Serves him right,' is mighty little thanks to the man who drew three thousand people to their track opening to see The Rube go an exhibition mile? The world and the people are cold—and thankless."

He crossed the floor of his mean, ill-kept quarters and, lifting a glass from the cupboard, he poured the contents into his hand. Five coppers!

"Five cents from absolute poverty, Dad! One loaf of bread, and that eaten—what? But I can make that one loaf do three days——"

He broke off in his reverie, put on his hat, brushed the dust from what was once a black coat, and went downstairs.

At the door below he stopped and looked up and down the street. It was ten o'clock, June, and the citizens were flying around like bees homing to the hive.

None of them spoke to him, and he felt it. Ten years ago, they——. Well, ten years had made a big change in the city and in the people. The city was growing so fast that it was impossible to keep track of acquaintances. One face in the passing throng he thought he knew and he opened his mouth to return the salutation, but the man's eyes never looked his way.

Still ruminating on the coldness of the world, Dad Groom turned up the street. He would go and get his bread. He passed a bake-shop, but he didn't go in. He had learned from experience that the bread made there wouldn't keep as long as that made in the shop a mile or more on down. He would go that mile for economy's sake.

"Five cents from actual poverty, Dad! One loaf of bread—but I can make that loaf do three days"

Continuing on his way, he saw a crowd gathering at a repository, and getting closer he read the large sign, "Fifty Horses at Auction To-day."

He forgot all about his bread and went into the sale stables. All these men were strangers to him and he did not speak. The sale was going on when he entered and a stout, blocky mare was on the floor. The bidding was brisk, and she was readily purchased. Horse after horse was brought out and sold, and Dad finding his tongue commented on the animals to those around him. And they were soon aware that this ragged, red-faced, little old man knew a good horse when he saw him.

"Now, gentlemen," said the auctioneer, "We have sold all the heavy horses. I have here"—and he pointed to a long, rangy, awkward-looking chestnut brute that an assistant led in. The animal was white over the eyes, badly sprung in the nigh front leg and had a long scar across his ribs.

There was a craning of necks, then the crowd began to titter.

"What is it?" yelled one. "A living skeleton?" questioned another. "Sell him to a Jew," commented a third. Then there was a silence.

Dad Groom separated himself from the crowd and hurrying across the floor, he flung his arms around the whinnying horse's neck. For a minute he hung there and his body shook with sobs. Then he turned on them.

"Laugh!" he said, "Laugh! The mirth of fools! A horse? I knew this horse before some of you were out of dresses. And I beat the best of them with him. Didn't I, old Rube? That scar," he pointed to the animal's side—"Do you want to hear about it? At Columbus in the 2.07 pace, I turned out to pass Clancy on the home-

Some one had usurped his home during his illness. The floors were carpeted, large pictures adorned the walls, a vase filled with flowers sat on a new centre table

stretch and he struck him with a wire lash. Took he ar n m from back to shoulder Oh, the dirty coward But I won I got a mark of 2041 1 and I broke the track record And Clancy? Do you want to hear about him?" His voice lowered and his eyes were hard - I hurt him so bad that he spent three months in the hospital

The old man's hat rolled to the floor and he stooped to pick it up but the exertion was too much for him and it was the auctioneer who caught him as he was about to fall

They led him back behind the crowd and sat him down on an old buggy seat The feeling of mirth had forsaken them and the sale proceeded

Through his dazed mind, the old horseman heard the bidding

"Twenty five twenty five remember gentlemen, this is your last chance - twenty-five once twenty five twice twenty five third and last call anybody else? Nobody? Fair warning - then this horse goes to Sam Rosenthal for twenty-five dollars

Sam Rosenthal the man who buys broken down horses and makes glue out of them Don't tell me Rosenthal has bought The Rube" and Dad staggered to his feet "Bought The Rube for twenty five dollars did you say Mister?" He was coughing now and talking more to himself than to those around him Say friends I mind the day when twenty five dollars wouldn't buy a hair out of his tail

They quieted the old man and he sat there stunned and sober

Then Rosenthal passed through the door with the horse in tow and Dad turned his face to the wall He didn't want these men to see the tears that were running down his cheeks

Suddenly he turned around and the crowd saw him get up and go out He tore madly up the centre of the street after the Jew and The Rube and he waved his hat and yelled

Rosenthal Rosenthal bring back that horse don't kill him, I tell you don't kill him"

He came to a corner and he looked down the street The Jew was leading the horse into an alley Across the alley was the sign Worn Out Horses Wanted Here

Dad's hands opened and closed convulsively and a street urchin handed him five copper he had dropped

'Keep them he stuttered "Keep them Poor old Rube poor old Rube

Then something gave in his brain and he dropped to the sidewalk He had been lying there for some time, knowing and hearing what was going on about him but he couldn't speak

"Who is this man?" asked a policeman to the gathering crowd. "Anybody know this man?"

"Dad Groom, the old horseman, who lives over the vacant store on Baxter street," volunteered one.

"Got any friends?"

"Don't think so."

"Better send him to the hospital," ventured another.

And so Dad Groom was hustled to the city hospital.

When Dad opened his eyes again, it was day, and a very kind face was smiling into his. He grinned and the face above him withdrew.

"Feeling any better?" the nurse asked him, to which Dad replied, "Splendid—but say, nurse, do you think I'll pull through?" He raised a hand, and for the first time knew his head was bandaged—"What——"

"Oh, you just had a little operation, Mr. Groom, and you will be better presently. The surgeon found a small piece of bone out of place over your brain——"

"I'm not an old man," he broke in—"I'm only fifty; trouble, nurse, trouble, has brought me to this. How long have I been here?" His thoughts were disconnected.

"Two weeks, Tuesday."

"Two weeks?" The old man swallowed hard and turned to her.

"I'm a stranger to you—and you are a stranger to me," he confided. "But necessity makes acquaintances. I need assistance—financial assistance in the very worst way."

The nurse stood at attention while Dad rambled on.

"I haven't got any money, and I haven't got any friends. Ten years ago when I gave The Rube a mark—ten years ago—it has been a long, long time to me. But, say, nurse, I want you to lend me twenty-six dollars. If you haven't got it, I want you to borrow it. If you can't borrow it, for God's sake, steal it for me—it won't be any sin——"

"Why—why—Mr. Groom, whatever is the matter with you?"

"They didn't tell you they sold my old Rube to Sam Rosenthal, the Jew, for twenty-five dollars, did they? They didn't tell you that that is what brought me here. Say, nurse, I saw the Jew lead poor old Rube into the alley, and I know he will kill him. Do me a favour, and lend me twenty-six dollars—the Jew has my horse and he will sell him to make a dollar—I know a Jew would do anything for a dollar. Oh, I'll pay you back—I'll earn the money someway—I'll draw ashes to the city dump—I'll do anything," his voice sank into a whisper, "But I want The Rube, and Rosenthal—Rosenthal—is going to—oh, maybe he *has* killed him——"

The nurse caught up his hand and endeavored to calm him.

"I haven't got that much money, Mr. Groom," she said, quietly, "But if I had it, I would lend it to you. I don't know anybody who would lend it to me. Mr. Groom, can you think of anybody who might help you out in this?"

Dad thought for a while before answering

"Yes, I know some people who might help me if they wanted to. Go to the Bellechamber and ask for Mr. Dawson, the secretary-treasurer of The Turf Club. Tell him for me that Sam Rosenthal has bought The Rube, and that if he kills him, I'll die. Tell him—but, nurse—tell him anything—you see how it is——"

Some time later he heard her leave the room, and completely exhausted he closed his eyes and fell asleep.

It was day—another day—when he awoke. The nurse came into his ward, and asked him if he desired to eat. He was hungry, and he ate heartily of the food placed before him.

"Did you see that man for me?" he asked the nurse, and she replied, "No, Mr. Groom, I didn't see him, but I left a note for him. I went to Rosenthal's, but the horse wasn't there——"

"Then the brute has killed him," Dad ejaculated, his knife extended—"Oh, I knew he would—I knew he would——"

"Now, Mr. Groom, what's the use of talking like that? Because the horse wasn't there, doesn't mean that he is dead. Now, does it? And look at these pretty flowers that were sent here for you to-day. The world isn't as cold as you think it is. You have friends. I'm your friend—oh, there are lots of people who are your friends, in this city. Now, Mr. Groom, promise me that you'll forget about this horse and that you will try to get better and I'll do everything I can for you. You are only fifty years old, Mr. Groom, and the doctor says when you get better that you will be good for many, many years. Won't you try to get better, Mr. Groom?"

"Not if that Jew has killed my horse——"

"But he hasn't killed your horse. I'll promise you that."

Day after day saw a continual struggle. There is no crosser individual than a person who is recovering from a long illness. The nurse had to humor him as she would a little child for his progress was of necessity slow. The world was good to him—flowers, fruit, everything that makes the sick person and his sick-room pleasant, was provided, and of course Dad got curious to know who was doing all this for him, but the nurse would merely say, "You'll know in time." But he began to know. In a bouquet of carnations he found a card upon which was scribbled the words, "To Dad, from Gladiolus." Gladiolus? There was only one Gladiolus he had ever known [illegible] coming, and the minister's daughter [illegible] was secretary-treasurer of The Turf Club.

August came and with it the recovery of Dad. On the [illegible] month he would leave the ward and go home. The thought of returning to his poverty stricken existence worried him and he picked [illegible]

"Oh, you'll be all right Dad," he said. "I'll wait [illegible] and I'll send you flowers. You like flowers, don't you, Dad?"

"Like flowers, Miss Campbell, I do. And I like little children and [illegible] horses. Give me a horse, Miss Campbell, and a little garden where I grow violets and tulips and roses and morning glories, then give me the love of a little child like Gladiolus——"

He turned to her and there was a mist in his eyes.

"You know, Miss Campbell, horsemen are considered a rough lot. But the world doesn't see the inside. I've known men to cry when anything went wrong with their ponies. Now, as for me, Miss Campbell—I'd kill Rosenthal, if he ever harmed a hair of The Rube."

It was the tenth of the month and the nurse was helping Dad on with his coat. He was going home. Outside the sun shone in all its glory, and the birds were twittering in the trees.

"Take good care of yourself Dad," Miss Campbell cautioned him, but he was too full for words. The door closed behind him and he was back in the cold world again, and not a single cent in his pockets.

Due to the weakness occasioned by his long illness, that walk to his quarters was a long, slow one. Finally Dad reached the door, opened it and started up the stairs, stopping now and then to get breath. He reached the landing and turned the knob. Then he entered, staggered back and stood with his hand on the jamb. Somebody had usurped his shabby home during his illness. The floors were carpeted, large pictures adorned the walls, a vase filled with flowers—carnations they were—sat on a new centre table, it was new for the dealers' tag was yet on it.

For some minutes he stood in the deepest perplexity. A horse and rig drove up to the door below and he heard the driver say, "Whoa!"

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The Victory of a Faint Heart

By Gouverneur Morris

Illustrated by John Edwin Jackson

AT first nobody knew him; then the Hotchkisses knew him, and then it seemed as if everybody had always known him. He had run the gantlet of gossip and come through without a scratch. He was first noticed sitting in the warm corner made by Willcox's annex and the covered passage that leads to the main building. Pairs or trios of people, bareheaded, their tennis clothes (it was a tennis year) mostly covered from view by clumsy coonskin coats, passing Willcox's in dilapidated runabouts drawn by uncurried horses, a nigger boy sitting in the back of each, his thin legs dangling, had glimpses of him through the driveway gap in the tall Amor privet hedge that is between Willcox's and the road. These pairs or trios having seen would break in upon whatever else they may have been saying to make such remarks as: "He can't be, or he wouldn't be at Willcox's;" or, contradictorily "He must be, or he'd do something besides sit in the sun;" or, "Don't they always have to drink lots of milk?"; or, "Anyway, they're quite positive that it's not catching"; or, "Poor boy, what nice hair he's got."

With the old-timers the newcomer, whose case was otherwise so doubtful, had one thing in common: a coonskin coat. It was handsome of its kind, unusually long, voluminous and black. The upturned collar came above his ears, and in the opening his face showed thin and white, and his eyes, always intent upon the book in his lap, had a look of being closed. Two things distinguished him from other men: his great length of limb, and the color and close cropped, almost molded effect of his hair. It was the color of old Domingo mahogany, and showed off the contour of his fine round head with excellent effect.

The suspicion that this interesting young man was a consumptive was set aside by Willcox himself. He told Mrs. Bainbridge, who asked (on account of her little children who, et cetera, et cetera) that Mr. Masters was recuperating from a very stubborn attack of typhoid. But was Mr. Willcox quite sure? Yes, Mr. Willcox had to be sure of just such things. So

She had a beautiful, clean-cut face, not delicate and to be hidden and coaxed by veils and soft things

Mrs. Bainbridge drove out to Miss Langrais' tea at the golf club, and passed on the glad tidings with an addition of circumstantial detail.

Mister Masters never remembered to have passed so lonely and dreary a February. The sunny South was a medicine that had been prescribed and that had to be swallowed. Aiken on the label had looked inviting enough, but he found the contents of the bottle distasteful in the extreme. "The South is sunny," he wrote to his mother, "but oh, my great jumping grandmother, how seldom! And it's cold, mummy, like being beaten with whips. And it rains—well, if it rained cats and dogs a fellow wouldn't mind. Maybe they'd speak to him, but it rains solid cold water, and it hits the windows the way waves hit the portholes at sea; and the only thing that stops the rain is a wind that comes all the way from Alaska for the purpose. '*Kennst du das Land wo die Citronen bluhen?*' I am getting to *kennst* it very well. But Willcox, who keeps a record of such things, says that this is the coldest winter Aiken has known since last winter!

"But in spite of all this there is a truth that must be spoken. I feel a thousand times better and stronger than when I came. And yesterday, exercising in the privacy of my room, I discovered that there are once more calves upon my legs. This is truth, too. I have no one to talk to but your letters. So don't stint me. Stint me with money if you can (here I defy you) but for the love of heaven keep me posted. If you will promise to write every day I will tell you the name of the prettiest girl in Aiken. She goes by eight times every day, and she looks my way out of the corner of her eye. And I pretend to be reading and try very hard to look handsome and interesting. . . Mother! . . . . just now I rested my hand on the arm of my chair and the wood felt hot to the touch! It's high noon and the sun's been on it since eight o'clock, but still it seems very wonderful. Willcox says that the winter is practically over; but I begged him not to hurry. ."

Such was the usual trend of his letters. But that one dated March 7th began with the following astonishing statement:

'I love Aiken. . ." and went on to explain why.

But Mister Masters was not allowed to love Aiken until he had come through the whole gantlet of gossip. It had first been suggested that he was a consumptive and a menace ("though of course one feels terribly sorry for them, my dear"). This had been disproved. Then it was spread about that he belonged to a wealthy family of Masters ("very well in their way, no doubt, and the backbone of the country, my dear, but one doesn't seem to get on with them, and I shouldn't think they'd come to Aiken of all places"). Then it got about that Mister Masters was poor (and that made people suspicious of him). Then it got about that he was rich (and that made them even more so). Then that he wrote for a living (and that was nearly as bad as to say that he cheated at cards or at least it was the kind of thing that *they* didn't do). And then, finally, the

real truth about him, or something like it, got out; and the hatchet of suspicion was buried, and there was peace in Aiken.

This was the truth that got out about Mister Masters. He was a nephew of the late Bishop Masters. His mother, on whom he was dependent, was very rich; she had once been prominent in society. He was thirty, and was good at games. He did not work at anything.

So he was something that Aiken could understand and appreciate; a young man, who was well born, who didn't have to work—and who didn't *want* to

But old Mrs. Hotchkiss did not know of these things when, one bright day in passing Willcox's (she was on one good foot, one rheumatic foot and a long black cane with a gold handle) she noticed the young man pale and rather sad-looking in his fur coat and steamer rug, his eyes on his book, and stopped abruptly and spoke to him through the gap in the hedge.

"I hope you'll forgive an old woman for scraping an acquaintance," she piped in her brisk, cheerful voice, "but I want to know if you're getting better, and I thought the best way was to stop and ask."

Mister Master's steamer rug fell from about his long legs and his face became rosy, for he was very shy.

"Indeed I am," he said, "ever so much. And thank you for asking."

"I'm tired," said the old lady, "of seeing you always sitting by yourself, dead tired of it. I shall come for you this afternoon at four in my carriage, and take you for a drive. . . ."

"It was abrupt," Mister Masters wrote to his mother, "but it was kind. When I had done blushing and scraping with my feet and pulling my forelock, we had the nicest little talk. And she remembered knowing you one summer in the Adirondacks, and said why hadn't I told her before. And then she asked if I liked Aiken, and, seeing how the land lay, I lied and said I loved it. And she said that that was her nice, sensible young fellow, or words to that effect. And then she asked me why, and I said because it has such a fine climate; and then she laughed in my face, and said that I was without reverence for her age—not a man—a scalawag.

"And do you know, Mrs. Hotchkiss is like one of those magic keys in fairy stories? All doors open to her. Between you and me I have been thinking Aiken's floating population snobbish, purse-proud and generally absurd. And instead, the place seems to exist so that kindness and hospitality may not fail on earth. Of course I'm not up to genuine sprees, such as dining out and sitting up till half-past ten or eleven. But I can go to luncheons, and watch other people play tennis, and poke about gardens with old ladies, and guess when particular flowers will be out, and learn the names of birds and of hostile bushes that prick and of friendly bushes that don't.

"All the cold weather has gone to glory; and it's really spring because the roosters crow all night. Mrs. Hotchkiss says it's because they are roosters and immoral. But I think they're crowing because they've survived the winter. I am. . . ."

Aiken took a great fancy to Mister Masters. First because Aiken was giving him a good time; and second because he was really good company when you got him well cornered, and his habitual fright had worn off. He was the shyest, most frightened six-footer in the memory of Aiken. If you spoke to him suddenly he blushed, and if you prepared him by first clearing your throat he blushed just the same. And he had a crooked, embarrassed smile that was a delight to see.

But gradually he became almost at ease with nearly everybody; and in the shyest, gentlest way enjoyed himself hugely. But the prettiest girl in Aiken had very hard work with him.

I don't mean that the pair sat or stood or walked in absolute silence. Indeed, little Miss Blythe could never be silent for a long period nor permit it in others, but I mean that with the lines and the machinery of a North Atlantic liner, their craft of propinquity made about as much progress as a scow. Nevertheless, though neither was really aware of this, each kept saying things that cannot be put into words to the other; otherwise the very first cornering of Mister Masters by little Miss Blythe must have been the last. But even as it was way back at the beginning of things, and always will be, Beauty spoke to Handsome and Handsome up and spoke back.

"No," said little Miss Blythe, upon being sharply cross-questioned by Mrs. Hotchkiss, "he practically never does say anything."

Mrs. Hotchkiss dug a little round hole in the sand with her long black cane, and made an insulting face at little Miss Blythe.

"Some men," said she, "can't say boo to a goose."

Little Miss Blythe had many brothers and sisters; no money, as we reckon money; and only such prospects as she herself might choose from innumerable offers. She was little; her figure looked best in athletic clothes (low neck didn't do well with her, because her face was tanned so brown) and she was strong and quick as a pony. All the year round she kept herself in the pink of condition ("overkept herself" some said) dancing, walking, running, swimming, playing all games and eating to match. She had a beautiful clean-cut face, not delicate and to be hidden and coaxed by veils and such things, but a face that looked beautiful above a severe Eton collar, and at any distance. She had the bright, wide eyes of a collected athlete, unbelievably blue, and the whites of them were only matched for whiteness by her teeth (the deep tan of her skin heightened this effect, perhaps); and it was said by one admirer that if she were to be in a dark room and were to press the button of a kodak and to smile at one and the same instant, there would be a picture taken.

She had friends in almost every country-clubbed city in America. Whenever, and almost wherever, a horse show was held she was there to show the horses of some magnate or other to the best advantage. Sometimes she won tennis tournaments or swimming matches, or tried her hand at hunting or polo (these things in secret because her father had forbidden them), and the people who contumaciously pressed hospitality upon her found that they were repaid a thousandfold. In the first place, it was a distinction to have her. "Who are the Ebers?" "Why, don't you know? They are the people Miss Blythe is stopping with."

She was always good-natured; she never kept anybody waiting; and she must have known five thousand people well enough to call them by their first names. But what really distinguished her most from other young women was that her success in inspiring others with admiration and affection was not confined to men; she had the same effect upon all women, old and young, and all children.

Nothing would have astonished her world more than to learn that little Miss Blythe had a secret, darkly hidden quality of which she was dreadfully ashamed. At heart she was nothing if not sentimental and romantic. And often when she was thought to be sleeping the dreamless sleep of the trained athlete who stores up energy for the morrow's contest, she was sitting at the windows in her nightgown, looking at the moon (in hers) and weaving all sorts of absurd adventures about herself and her particular fancy of the moment.

It would be a surprise and pleasure to some men, a tragedy perhaps to others, if they should learn that little Miss Blythe had fancied them all at different times, almost to the boiling point, and that in her own deeply concealed imagination Jim had rescued her from pirates and Jack from a burning hotel, or that just as her family were selling her to a rich widower John had appeared on his favorite hunter

and carried her off. The truth is that little Miss Blythe had engaged in a hundred love affairs concerning which no one but herself was the wiser.

And at twenty-three it was high time for her to marry and settle down. First because she couldn't go on playing games and showing horses forever, and second because she wanted to But with whom she wanted to marry and settle down, she could not for the life of her have said. Sometimes she thought that it would be with Mr Blagdon. He *was* rich; and he *was* a widower; but wherever she went he managed to go, and he had some of the finest horses in the world, and he wouldn't take no for an answer. Sometimes she said to the moon:

"I'll give myself a year, and if at the end of that time I don't like anybody better than Bob, why. . ." Or, in a different mood, "I'm tired of everything I do; if he happens to ask me tomorrow I'll say yes." Or, "I've ridden his horses, and broken his golf clubs, and borrowed his guns (and he won't lend them to anybody else) and I suppose I've got to pay him back." Or, "I really *do* like him a lot," or "I really don't like him at all."

Then there came into this young woman's life Mister Masters. And he blushed his blush, and smiled his crooked smile and looked at her when she wasn't looking at him (and she knew that he was looking) and was unable to say as much as "Boo" to her; and in the hidden springs of her nature that which she had always longed for happened, and became, and was And one night she said to the moon: "I know it isn't proper for me to be so attentive to him, and I know everybody is talking about it, but—" and she rested her beautiful brown chin on her shapely, strong, brown hands, and a tear like a diamond stood in each of her unbelievably blue eyes, and she looked at the moon, and said: "But it's Harry Masters or—*bust*!"

Mr. Bob Blagdon, the rich widower, had been content to play a waiting game; for he knew very well that "beneath" her good nature, little Miss Blythe had a proud temper and was to be won rather by the man who should make himself indispensable to her than by him who should be forever pestering her with speaking and pleading his cause. She is an honest girl, he told himself, and without thinking of consequences she is always putting herself under obligations to me. Let her ride down lover's lane with young Blank or young Dash, she will not be able to forget that she is on my favorite mare In his soul he felt a certain proprietorship in little Miss Blythe; but to this his ruddy, dark mustached face and slow moving eyes were a screen.

Mr. Blagdon had always gone after what he wanted in a kind of slow, indifferent way that begot confidence in himself and in the beholder; and (in the case of Miss Blythe) a kind of panic in the object sought. She liked him because she was used to him, and because he could and would talk sense upon subjects which interested her But she was afraid of him because she knew that he expected her to marry him some day, and because she knew that other people, including her own family, expected this of her. Sometimes she felt ready to take unto herself all the horses and country places and automobiles and yachts, and in a life lived regardless of expense to bury and forget her better self. But more often, like a fly caught in a spider's web, she wished by one desperate effort (even should it cost her a wing, to carry out the figure) to free herself once and forever from the entanglement

It was pleasant enough in the web The strands were soft and silky; they held rather by persuasion than by force. And had it not been for the spider she could have lived out her life in the web without any very desperate regrets. But it was never quite possible to forget the spider; and that in his own time he would approach slowly and deliberately, sure of himself and of little Miss Fly

There is no reason to doubt that he was a good husband to his first wife, and wished to replace her with little Miss Blythe, not to supplant her. To his three young children he was more of a grandfather than a father; though strong-willed and even stubborn, he was unable half the time to say no to them. And I have seen him going on all fours with the youngest child perched on his back kicking him in the ribs and urging him to canter. So it he pretended by the strength of his will and of his riches to compel little Miss Blythe to marry (and to be happy with him; he thought he could manage that too), it is only one blot on a decent and upright character. And it is unjust to have called him spid

Continued on

"I am tired of seeing you always sitting by yourself, dead tired of it. I shall come for you this afternoon at four in my carriage"

Timagami and a Grey Trout

By M. Parkinson

Illustrated from Photographs

Here and there were isles of peculiar beauty, while in the distance rose the blue hills of the far away mainland, an undulating border of the horizon

THE Pedagogue had long been talking of Timagami, of its scenic beauties, of its myriad miles of sinuous waterways hidden in the interminable green of the Great Forest Reserve, of its countless isles and islets resting like emerald gems on its breast of cerulean blue, but most of all of its fish, fish for all, pickerel, speckled trout, black bass, and grey trout. He seemed to be obsessed by this Grey Trout *Christwomer naymacush* he learnedly called him. Never was he tired of relating stories of the size of this denizen of Timagami's deep, pellucid waters. Twenty, thirty, forty, even fifty-two pounds were quoted as the weights of specimens brought in to Bear Island by venturous fishermen who had tried out these far away waters.

We were standing at the corner of King and Yonge Streets, when it happened. A sizzling July sun was burning all Toronto up. "Let's go fishing to Timagami," said the pedagogic disciple of Izaac Walton; "let's get somewhere out of this killing heat;" and he mopped his perspiring brow with a sadly smeared pocket handkerchief as if to give emphasis to his determination.

So it was all arranged in a moment. The Grand Trunk ticket office stood before us. We stepped inside. A smiling clerk informed us that the return fare good for three months was $13.15, and that the *Cobalt Special*, carrying through standard sleepers, left the Union Station every night at 8.30, arriving at Timagami Station on the lake at 8.30 next morning. The coin was quickly exchanged for a bit of pasteboard on which was inscribed the mystic word T-i-m-a-g-a-m-i, which the pedagogue said was pronounced *te-mog-a-me*, with the accent on the second syllable and a full, open, deep chested vowel sound. After practicing it several times we confessed it did smack of the wildwoods and gave promise of something in the shape of stolid Indians, quaint squaws, birch bark canoes, pine forests and singing waters.

Eight-thirty saw us safely ensconced in the train with the porter assiduously busy doing everything he thought would add to our comfort. Soon the berths were made up and we were in the land of sleepy oblivion, dreaming dreams of placid lakes, foaming torrents, roaring waterfalls, straining lines, and tugging trout, all inextricably tangled with business worries, and home affairs—clanging street cars, honking autos, the soft sound of mothers' voices and the laugh of merry children. But presently the dreams were all ended. Our refreshed eyes opened, for the early morning light was streaming through the blinded windows. We raised the curtains quickly and there, stretching as far as the eye could reach, a sea of billowy green, lay the pine, and fir, and balsam forests of Northern Ontario basking in the sunlight of a perfect July day.

It did not take us long to doff our pink pyjamas, don our khaki trousers and hunting shirts, and, thus attired, we stood in the smoking room after a dash of cold water over our faces, which sent the blood tingling to our finger tips, and we were ready for any deed of "high emprise" which looked to the landing of one of those finny monsters of deep Timagami. The porter informed us we were now on the steel of the Timiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway, having left North Bay on time, some two hours ago, and that in less than an hour we would be at our destination. As the train rolled on, there passed before our dazzled eyes, one long vista of pine clad hillsides, blue lakes, smiling valleys, and brooklets in which the foam-flecked shallows and deep, placid pools sug-

gested the *Salvalinus Fontinalis* of the pedagogue, the beautiful speckled trout, which is the fisherman's especial delight. All too soon the clanging bell, the long drawn out sigh of escaping steam, and the sonorous voice of the porter, intoning the mystic syllables *te-mog-a-me*, aroused us from our day dream, and, before we were fully awakened we found ourselves standing on the platform, before us the tiled-roofed stone-built station which is the gate-way to this wonderland of lake, and island and forest.

Mr. Allen, the genial manager of the Timagami Steamboat and Hotel Company, was ready to conduct us at once to the Hotel Ronnoco, and make all provision for our passage up the lake At 8.45 a.m., just twelve hours and fifteen minutes since leaving the Union Station, Toronto, three hundred miles away, we were seated in a comfortable and commodious dining room discussing a trout-steak, pink and luscious, fresh caught from Timagami's cool waters Through the windows, we caught ravishing glimpses of the blue lake, rippling in the sunlight, and we sniffed happily the breeze laden with pungent health-giving odors of pine, and fir, and balsam.

"Ding-dong; Ding-dong !" We heard the warning bell of the good ship *Belle of Timagami* lying at her wharf at the foot of the hill on which the Hotel Ronnoco stands. All was bustle for a few minutes. Trunks and suitcases, fishing rods, lunch boxes, and countless other impediments of a score or more of tourists, were at last stowed on board. The hawsers were cast off The engines throbbed, the propeller began to revolve, and the boat sailed into the waters that she seems to love so well. In five minutes she threaded a narrow passage, when the over-reaching balsam boughs seemed to sweep her very sides. A swing to the right brought her to an open passage,

Pointing with his forefinger to a spot, our grizzled guide said, "You go thar"

stretching for two or three miles straight ahead into which she glided, when we lost sight and sound of the rumbling, smoky T. and N. O., the picturesque Ronnoco, the barking dogs and screaming children clustered on the wharf where amid the pine covered banks of the intervening islands we were lost in the forest primeval. Civilization was a thousand miles away. Far as the eye can reach there is nothing but green hillsides and blue waters. The rhymic pulsation of the engines added to our sense of isolation, and we sat in our comfortable steamer chairs and grew pensive. All sense of responsibility and care had gone and we began to enjoy our Timagami holiday.

For seventeen miles the *Belle* steamed on, down the North East Arm through a maize of rocky islands, clothed with interminable green to the water's edge. We saw new vistas of ever increasing beauty at every turn of the labyrinthine passage through which the steamer made her way. Never is the passage more than a mile wide and often it narrows to a mere passageway for the boat herself.

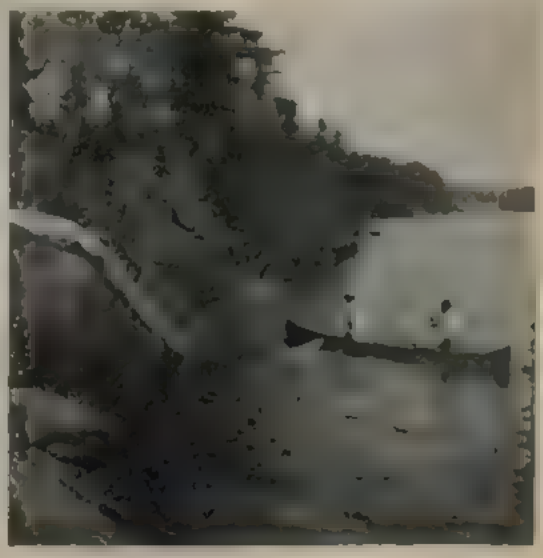
Toward the end of the seventeen miles the *Belle* took a sharp turn to the right around Metagama Point, with its rustic summer home; and then swept to the left around the end of Timagami Island and opened to our astonished eyes an open sea, stretching for five or six miles, north and south, and three or four miles wide—the largest body of open water in Timagami. Here and there, were isles of peculiar beauty, while in the distance rose the blue hills of the far away mainland, an undulating border of the horizon.

Bear Island next appeared with its picturesque Indian village; its romantic Church; its striking Fire Ranger's Hall, perched upon the bluff; Hudson Bay Post, reminiscent of *Coureurs de bois*, of Jesuit Missionaries, of trappers and traders, of furs and birch bark canoes. This is the center of Timagami. From here stretch out those innumerable bays, inlets, arms, and sinuous passages which, with the 1,600 islands and islets, gives this marvelous lake its 3,000 miles of surveyed shore-line. We were soon on the wharf at the Hudson Bay Store. Here the genial and well-known factor, Harry Woods, attended to our wants, and produced the necessary tackle and canoe

The first question to settle was, where to go for big trout. The Pedagogue had been studying the map of Timagami, found in the Grand Trunk folder, at every favorable opportunity on the way up the lake. Standing now on the wharf beside the Hudson Bay canoe, he took out the well-thumbed map and pointed out this place and that and discussed their relative merits and demerits. We were joined by a Fire

The sun was sinking in the sky and flooding the lake with a mellow golden light. For over two hours we had paddled up and down between the island and the mainland, over the supposed haunts of the great grey trout

The Pedagogue seemed lost in contemplation of the big fish. He felt, I suppose, that he had to make good. He talked of nothing but copper wire, otter tail bait and Bristol rods. He seemed oblivious of his surroundings



Ranger who had evidently overheard our conversation.

"Say Stranger," the old man said, "if you want to catch a trout—and a big one—I can show you were to go."

Here was certainly our opportunity. The Pedagogue held out the map, and pointing with his finger to a spot south of Bear Island, between a small island and the mainland, our grizzled guide said, "You go thar."

"What makes you think that a good fishing ground," we chorused.

"Wal, Oderick Perrow, took a party thar yisterda and they brought home five of the purtiest grey trout that you ever sot eyes on." he replied.

That settled it. That was the spot for us to try.

"How do we get to this spot between the small island and the mainland, which you recommend?" the Pedagogue inquired, turning to the old man.

"Come here," he of the mystic sign T. F. R. (Timagami Forest Reserve) rejoined. And leading us to a clump of small trees a rod or so from the wharf he said, "Look out between the two small fir trees on your right and that big pine on your left. That's the little island where the big trout are caught. Fish to the right and along the shore."

We looked. And we might well have stood there, looking to the end of time. We were peering out from the clump of overhanging pines and firs, and balsams at a scene, lovely beyond description. There lay the blue lake. Not a ripple broke its surface. Away off in the middle distance nestled the little green island, of which our companion spoke, while beyond stretched, in narrowing vista, a glorious archipelago of evergreens.

"Come, that's enough," broke from us both. Where can we get something to eat. For the sun now hung at the meridian, and the clear, cool, Northern air had begotten in us a ravenous appetite.

"Why, just over at Walsh's Wigwam," rejoined the old man. "And a right, good meal you'll get, too," he added.

Walsh's Wigwam turned out to be a modern, up-to-date tourist hotel. The meal was delicious, the sirloin was done to a turn and the aroma of the coffee filled the whole room.

No time was to be lost. We must have that big trout before the set of sun. So 1.30 saw us in the canoe paddling the two miles to the island and the waters which promised big sport. The Pedagogue seemed lost in contemplation of the big fish. He felt, I suppose, that he had to make good. He talked of nothing but copper wire, otter-tail bait, and Bristol rods. He seemed oblivious of his surroundings. Many times my paddle left the water, to hang in air while I gazed in rapture on the scene.

Now the fishing ground was reached. The Pedagogue elected to do the trolling. Slowly the copper wire with the spinning Otter-tail at its end was payed out. The Pedagogue descanting meanwhile, on the dangers of catching the bottom, the proper speed to paddle the canoe, etc., etc.

The time was speeding. The sun was sinking in the sky, and flooding the lake with a mellow, golden light. For over two hours we had paddled up and down between the island, and the mainland, over the supposed haunts of the great grey trout. Nothing had happened. Once or twice a glad cry from the patient fisherman had indicated a bite, but each time a strained ejaculation, "Nothing but a snag," had carried the information, that there were rocks at the bottom, and that our Otter-tail was twirling perilously near them.

At last the fateful moment came. The Pedagogue sat drowsily in the bottom of the canoe. The Bristol rod hung lazily over the side. The copper wire ran innocently back to where its burnished sheen was lost in the engulfing waters. I had taken to watching the shimmering globules of water as they fell from my paddle and sped glittering over the polished surface of the lake, when a glad cry from the somnolent fisherman brought me back to earth.

"By hokey, I've hooked him," he yelled.

It seemed that he had. The wire ran from the reel with a low, singing sound as our fish sought in a headlong rush the cool recesses of Timagami, some two hundred feet below. Excited instructions followed.

"Don't paddle so fast!" Paddle faster!" "Take him out into the open lake!"

At last our quarry seemed to tire. Bit by bit the gleaming copper strand, glistening with the drops from the lake, was restored to the reel. There were more mad rushes, but slowly, surely, the almost invisible shackle shortened, and little by little our prey approached the surface, and air, and death.

At last he broke the surface. "By hokey" again exclaimed the Pedagogue, "he's a whale!. When I get him along side, drop your paddle, stick your hand in his gills, and jerk him aboard."

A flood of fire seemed to run through my veins. The blood pounded in my ears. There lay the fish almost on the surface of the water his silver belly upward, showing white in the sunlight. Nearer and nearer he came. No motion of his fins showed signs of life. Well I knew that at the merest touch that body would be in direct with energy. Well I knew that one plunge of that energized body one flick of that monster head, and our three hours fishing would be in vain. Well I knew the Pedagogue had played his part. Would I be able to play mine?

At last the command came. Like a true sport the Pedagogue restrained his voice. The moment was too tense for noise.

"Grab him" was the laconic order. Down went the paddle. One fierce thrust of the right hand at the yawning pink gills, one convulsive jerk of the right arm one encircling embrace of the left arm around his dripping body as he came over the gunwale and our prize lay flopping and floundering in the bottom of the canoe.

My watch marked just 4.30. But twenty short hours ago we had pulled out of the Union Station, at Toronto. How could we measure the wealth of those twenty hours?

"By hokey," again ejaculated the man of grammar, "he's a beauty."

Instinctively we grasped the paddles. Our tense wrists jammed the blades through the waters. We were racing for Walsh's, the measuring rod, the scales, and the gaping tourists.

Not many minutes passed in covering those two miles. The fish was measured and weighed. Twenty eight inches from tip to tip, and twenty two pounds was not bad fishing for our first half day.

The sun was still fairly high in the west when we all stood on the steps of Walsh's Wigwam, the Pedagogue biting hard into his cigar as he held his trophy up before the camera, old Timagami Ned the octogenarian native of these northern wilds at his right, Mr. and Mrs. Walsh, standing bareheaded behind, the guests of the house, and an Indian guide grouped around, while I, coatless and hatless, looked on inwardly comforting myself with the reflection that I had landed him. But it was not the day's luck alone that had left me in this lyric mood. I was thrilled anew when I recalled the play of light and shadow on the pellucid waters of the lake. I promised myself the joy of frequent vacations to this spot and I intend to make good my promise, for it is in such rapturous detachment that a man gets acquainted with himself.

The Death of Beda

By Bertha E. Cassidy

So the days rolled on to Ascension-tide and still master and pupils toiled at their work, for Beda longed to bring to an end his version of St. John's Gospel into the English tongue. Green: *A Short History of the English People*

FORTH to his scholars Beda goes at morn,
And with a look of saintly spirit born,
Regards them tenderly with tear-dimmed eyes,
And as the sweet smile dies,
Speaks thus to them: "Learn with what speed ye may,
My strength departs, my life ebbs fast away."

The scholars weep, "Oh, rest, dear Master, rest!"
But Beda answers, "Hasten, it is best:
Time but to finish; that is all I ask,"
And turns unto his task,
"Time but to finish; cometh soon the night."
The scholars, grieving, take their pens and write.

At length the joyous Easter-tide draws near
And Spring in ecstasy awakes the Year
From his long sleep; and with a lavish hand
Drops blossoms o'er the land,
Birds sing and Earth in all her beauty lies
Radiant beneath the happy skies.

Warm through the cloisterd arches shines the sun,
But Beda toils, "My work is yet undone,
Oh not for me the op'ning bud, the flower!
Swift speeds the parting hour;
My breath is failing, these too weary eyes
Shall ne'er again see God's fair sun arise."

The little scribe speaks softly in his ear,
"One sentence still remains, O Master, dear. . . .
Now all is finished." Beda turns his face
Unto the sacred place
Where he is wont to pray; his head rests light
Upon his scholars' arms throughout the night.

Again dawn comes; the waking birds rejoice,
The dying monk lifts heavenward his voice,
The Gloria steals softly from his lips,
His gentle spirit slips
Into eternity; dawn grows to-day
And o'er the monastery sunbeams play.

The Spider's Web

By Ernest DeLancey Pierson

Illustrations by P. J. Monahan

A LIGHT fog hung over Riverside Drive. The shining pavements reflected like black mirrors the lights on the street corners; shadowy vehicles swept by with jingling harness and lamps gleaming redly. In the air were the melancholy sounds of dripping water, of the regular thudding noise of horses' feet, and harsh cries from the waterfront.

A young woman in a long automobile cloak and hood paused in her rapid, nervous walk to consult a scrap of paper under a street lamp, disclosing as she raised her veil a white, anxious face of singular loveliness and distinction. She glanced inquiringly at the row of detached villas standing on a terrace above the street, and one of these, painted white, with toy towers and many balconies, seemed to arrest her attention. Presently she moved towards it with slow and hesitating steps. Before a narrow path that seemed to lead up to a side entrance to the villa she stopped, looked around a moment timidly and then, with sudden determination, ran up the incline and disappeared among the shrubbery.

A young man who had been an interested observer of her movements for some time now crossed the road. As one who knew the city he was familiar with the white villa, and the sinister reputation of its tenant, Frederick Collamore, whose skill in fleecing young men of property had gained for him the name of "The Golden Spider." Of all women in the world, what possible business could have brought Louise Etheridge to this house of evil associations? Dorrance had expected to spend the evening with her, but at the last minute he received a hastily scribbled note announcing that she was ill and could not see him. It was to visit this place that she had put him off with a flimsy excuse! He was deeply hurt and at the same time bewildered by her strange conduct. It was not pleasant to discover that the woman he had hoped to marry in a few weeks' time was guilty of duplicity. What unfortunate circumstance had made it necessary for her to visit this house? He tormented himself with idle conjectures, always returning to the incontrovertible fact that she was there, within those walls, in the web, as it were, of The Spider, and that it was manifestly his duty to see that no harm came to her. Just how he expected to accomplish this chivalrous purpose he had no very clear idea, as he strode up the path where she had passed a few moments before.

Here was the entrance, protected from view of the street by a high hedge, where she must have been admitted. A handsome bronze shield near the door bore the inscription—FREDERICK COLLAMORE. GENERAL BROKER.

Dorrance knew that it was not an easy matter to meet the man at that time of night, unless a client or properly introduced. Collamore was engaged in a dangerous business; money-lending at usurious rates of interest was merely a branch of his activities. It was well known among the powers that prey that he was always ready to pay handsomely for compromising papers; that he had numerous agents—treacherous valets and ladies' maids who kept him well supplied with material on which to levy blackmail.

Dorrance had no intention of making his presence known in the usual manner, for he was quite sure that he would not be permitted to pass the door. He noticed as he made his way cautiously around the house that all the windows of the lower floor were either barred or protected by steel shutters; at this hour closed and firmly fastened. For all the villa resembled its more innocent neighbors in outward aspects it was a veritable strong-box.

On the south side of the house the wall was thickly covered with vines now bare of leaves. A sharp wind from the north had scattered the fog by this time, a pale moonlight enabling him to judge the details of the building with some accuracy. His attention was attracted to a window on the second floor whose upper sash had been lowered a few inches. Before it, more for ornament than use, projected a little balcony scarcely larger than a bookshelf. Dorrance, recognizing the need for immediate action if he was to be of service, was prepared to take a risk. His athletic training proved a valuable asset at this juncture, for, aided by the matted vines, he succeeded in scrambling up to the toy balcony, which fortunately proved strong enough to sustain him. He rested for a moment to recover his breath, and at the same time to listen for any disturbing sounds from within. Hearing nothing alarming, he lowered the sash softly and clambered into the room. It was so dark and the place so encumbered with furniture that he lit a wax vesta before proceeding. The light showed that he was in a richly furnished bedroom crowded like a Christmas bazaar with elegant trifles. In one corner stood a monumental bed with a silk canopy top. It was some relief to find it unoccupied

Dorrance was too eager to learn of what was passing below to more than glance at the garish splendors of the place. He hurried into the hall and down the stairs, the heavy carpets deadening the sound of his steps. His nerves were all ajar as he turned in the direction of the rooms where Collamore conducted his ignoble affairs. Soft lights glimmering in opalescent globes made his progress easy. Here was the side entrance by which she had entered, then a dignified reception room, furnished in walnut and red leather. A small library adjoined, and now the inner shrine, the private office, whose entrance was hidden by thick embroidered plush curtains. The sound of voices reached him, as he paused on the threshold. Louise was speaking, in agitated tones, making an appeal it seemed, though he failed to distinguish the words. A man's voice responded—then a pause. Dorrance, vexed at being unable to hear what was said, drew nearer, and peered through a slight opening between the curtains into the room. Collamore, a large masterful looking man, with black hair, thick mustache, ruddy cheeks and bright, insolent eyes, was in evening

dress, and stood with his back to the fireplace where some gas-logs were flickering. A few paces away, very pale but determined, was Louise Etheridge, an erect and striking figure. She had thrown aside the automobile cloak, and appeared in an oriental looking dress of a peculiar metallic-green shade, elaborately embroidered with gold thread. Dorrance remembered that it had been made to wear to a fancy-dress ball. Did the poor woman hope to impress Collamore with this theatrical costume that gave her the appearance of an Egyptian princess, he wondered ?

She stood leaning slightly against a small table, on which lay a splendid collar of diamonds and pearls, and several bracelets and rings set with brilliants.

"There are notes and notes, my dear young lady," Collamore resumed. "The money was advanced solely on the strength of Tremaine's endorsement. He has pronounced the signature a forgery." He took a folded paper out of his coat pocket and tapped it significantly with thick, jewelled fingers. "This note has therefore risen considerably in value. My price for it is now five thousand dollars."

There was a look of dismay, of fear on the young woman's face as he made this announcement in bland, measured tones. But only for a moment did she appear startled; outwardly at least she was again calm and determined. But the manner in which she moved her hands clasping and unclasping them, showed the disturbed state of her mind.

"Before I pay such a large amount of money or its equivalent," she said slowly, "of course I must see the note. Is that it in your hand ?"

"Yes, I have it here." He made no move to hand it to her, but continued to study her face, a strange inscrutable smile on his lips

"Surely you don't expect me to pay for a document I have never seen ?" she said, puzzled by his attitude. "Can you suspect me of trickery ?"

"In this business one cannot be too careful: I have seen some very great ladies do queer things on the impulse of the moment. They were sorry for it afterwards," he added significantly. "However, I'll venture to trust you," holding out the paper. She accepted it eagerly and turned to examine it under the hanging lamp, Collamore watching every movement intently

"The note is for five hundred, and you wish me to pay five thousand ?" she asked, raising her eyes.

"Exactly, and I am letting you have it at a bargain. I am always weak where a pretty woman is concerned." The insolent smile that accompanied these words seemed to anger her.

"The jewels there are worth three or four thousand dollars. They are yours, but this I am going to keep," and thrust the paper suddenly in the bosom of her dress. Then as Collamore sprang towards her, something bright, metallic, flashed in the light. A sharp report followed and the sound of a heavy falling body.

"Oh God, what have I done !"

Collamore lay at full length on the floor near the table. Leaning over him, her eyes dilated with fear, stood Louise Etheridge. Suddenly, with a choking sob, she turned and ran blindly from the room, brushing by Dorrance in her flight. He heard her hurried steps in the hall beyond, then the sound of a door being violently closed, and knew she had left the house

This tragic scene, so unexpected, had shaken Dorrance out of his usual calm, and for some minutes he could only stare at a smoke wreath floating above the still figure on the floor. He could not understand the silence. Surely there was someone in the house who had heard that sharp report. Of course, she had only intended to frighten Collamore, and in the struggle the weapon was discharged. But he knew the police would require abundant proof that it was an accident, and in any case her name would be dragged through the mire. The most important service he could render her now was to remove every evidence of her presence in that room. And there was need of haste; at any moment someone might sound an alarm

He lit a cigarette, feeling the need of something to relieve his jarring nerves. The jewels lay in a glittering heap on the table. He swept them into the little satchel that lay near. It was some time before he recovered the pistol dropped in her flight. It was one of a pair she had bought in England for the beauty of the carving and fine inlay work. It was a satisfaction to secure this very incriminating bit of evidence, for it would be easy to trace the owner of such a unique weapon.

Her automobile cloak lay on a chair, and, as this seemed too cumbersome to remove, he satisfied himself by cutting off the maker's name from the collar. He must not forget anything. Was it fancy that made him think that the curtains at one window were stirring, as if someone stood there watching his movements ? He laughed, hummed a tune softly to give himself courage, walked softly back and forth. Ah, her veil ! It was not very important, but still There seemed to be nothing more. He hurried out of the place, feeling that he could not have supported the strain much longer, or the presence of that thing on the floor

He had reached the hall which led to the side entrance when the sound of a key grating in the lock, of several voices brought him

The most important service he could render her now was to remove every evidence of her presence in that room

to a standstill. Confused, and not knowing which way to turn, he retreated. They were in the house now, several men, he judged, from the voices. He found himself again in the private reception room. He had been so busy in her interest as to forget his own precarious position. If he were found there, with the jewels in his possession, the very weapon——!

He was standing on the threshold facing the direction from which the sound of voices proceeded. A clicking noise caused him to turn around. Someone had switched off the light; someone who must have been there all the time he was at work. The gas-logs still flickered in the fireplace; strange shadows seemed to fill the room. They were coming this way, the men who had just entered the house, talking somewhat boisterously together.

"Keep quiet!" whispered a voice. "Come," and he felt a hand laid on his arm. He permitted himself to be guided along, too bewildered to care where he was being led. He even closed his eyes. Presently the hand was withdrawn, and he could feel a breath of fresh air on his face. He opened his eyes slowly. He was standing quite alone before a partly opened French window through which he could see the garden of the house in the moonlight. Behind him fell heavy curtains. He did not concern himself at the time as to how he came there; the way of escape was open. Climbing through the window he dropped lightly on the ground and sped away with a feeling of wild elation, inspirited by the cool night air. He crossed other gardens, clambered over fences, performed astonishing athletic feats, before he came to a rest in the shadow of a wall in a dim and quiet street.

He did not dare linger for fear of falling asleep, and with that precious satchel in his possession. And he must get home somehow afoot. A carriage was a risk. When the newspapers had made the most of the affair and the police department got busy, some night hawk would have a story to tell of the man he had picked up not far from the scene of the sensation who acted strangely, and whose clothes were torn and stained.

By circuitous routes, choosing the least frequented streets, with many pauses for rest, Dorrance finally reached home in a half-fainting condition. He had just strength enough remaining to climb the stairs to his rooms, and, having tossed the satchel into a closet, flung himself on the bed, dressed as he was, and slept.

II.

"If you please, sir, there is a gentleman here wishes to see you." Jack Dorrance in dressing-gown and slippers, lingering over a late meal, dropped the newspaper he was reading and scowled at the card presented.

"Samuel Pendrick. Private Investigations." The name seemed to annoy him. "Oh, well," shrugging his shoulders, "tell him to wait, Simmons, until I get on a few clothes and I'll see him."

After the servant had gone out, Dorrance, ill at ease, examined his visitor through a crack between the folding doors that divided the parlor and dining-room. He knew Pendrick by reputation, as a detective of some renown, who conducted a private agency, and was often called in by the police department, with which he had once been connected. His appearance was not formidable. A little man, all in black, very bald, with a long white face, prominent nose like the beak of a bird, and brilliant dark eyes, he might be taken for a respectable lawyer's clerk or a waiter. Dorrance did not feel reassured by the man's harmless appearance. Pendrick was there for a purpose, and that purpose must have something to do with last night's tragedy.

He tried to appear careless and unconcerned when a few minutes later he sauntered into the room where the detective was waiting.

"Glad to make your acquaintance, Mr. Pendrick," he said cordially, "I have often heard of you, and——" The coldly brilliant eyes of the visitor confused him so that he did not finish, but sat down abruptly and tried to appear at ease.

"The pleasure is mutual," said the other blandly. "Now then to business. Have you any theory concerning this Collamore affair? To-day's papers are full of it."

Dorrance felt himself flushing to the roots of his hair.

"Oh, that story about a rascally money-lender found dead in his room?" he hastened to say. "A bad lot was he not, and well deserved his fate."

"Collamore's character need not concern us at present. A crime has been committed and it is my duty to find the criminal. I am sure you will be glad to help me."

"Why—why, what a question. I assure you I never knew the man."

"Possibly not, but you were there last night in his private reception room where he was killed." This was said with such conviction that Dorrance trembled.

"How came I to know that you were there?" continued the detective briskly. "There is no magic about it. I don't often explain how I arrive at conclusions, but perhaps what I am going to show you may assist your memory." He drew a paper out of his vest pocket and unfolding it disclosed a half-consumed cigarette. "It is a harmless folly to have your cigarettes stamped with your monogram; it is very dangerous to leave them around on the scene of a crime. The letters 'J. H. D.' standing for 'John Haviland Dorrance. There is no one else in the city with those initials who would be likely to have his cigarettes made to order, and stamped with his monogram." He folded up the paper and returned it to his pocket. "Now that you understand how easily we get facts, for your own sake, perhaps for the sake of others, tell me exactly what happened at Collamore's last night," darting an inquisitorial look at his host whose uneasiness was manifest.

Dorrance was at a loss what to say. How much more did the detective know? He was afraid of betraying her by an indiscreet admission. Better the suspicion should rest on him alone. At whatever risk to himself, Louise must be protected.

"Well?" asked Pendrick after a long pause. "Well?"

"Oh, I'm willing to acknowledge that I was there on a matter of business naturally one is ashamed of having relations with a man of that character I am not going to tell you what my business was." Pendrick smiled grimly and shrugged his shoulders.

"There will be no difficulty in finding that out," he said with calm assurance. "But you would strengthen your own position and facilitate matters if you spoke out frankly. An entirely innocent man tries to help, not to hinder the police."

"You are brutally frank," grumbled Dorrance.

"I have to be—at times." He rubbed his long nose reflectively. "As you freely acknowledge that you were there on the scene of the crime last night, you can have only one reason for remaining silent concerning what happened there. You wish to protect someone."

Dorrance started.

"Perhaps a woman," continued the detective in a suave, insinuating voice. "For a woman was there last night, and left in such haste that she forgot her automobile cloak—and something else——" He paused to give effect to the last words. "We have discovered a list of the late Mr. Collamore's clients. Those who called on him last night will be asked to explain what happened while they were there. If they decline to answer, we shall go further. We shall look up their friends, intimates whom we may suppose they are trying to protect. So bit by bit the evidence will accumulate. Did you speak?" turning suddenly to Dorrance, who during this speech was twisting uneasily on his chair.

"No, I said nothing," murmured the young man miserably.

Pendrick rose and moved towards

the door. Here he paused with his hand on the knob. "Isn't there something that you would like to say before I go. Think. I assure you that I have only the friendliest feelings towards you." The voice, the look was kindly, but Dorrance shook his head.

"I have said all I care to."

"Too bad! Too bad!" muttered the detective. "Still I understand your motives; I might act in the same way if our positions were reversed. I thank you for your patience and wish you good day."

Dorrance did not move from his seat for some time after the detective had left the house. He had been impressed by the little man's kindly manner. Perhaps it would have been better to confide in him, but no, he could not bring himself to describe Louise's connection with the tragedy. What evidence could they find against her, when he had been so careful to remove every trace of her presence. But, remembering the cigarette, he was far from feeling satisfied. He might have committed some other error through inexperience. What must be her feelings to-day, when she read the papers? He must take steps at once to return to her the satchel and its contents; to assure her that she was safe. And yet he did not wish her to know at this time that he had spied on her movements. He would return the things with an anonymous note that would calm her fears. How was this to be managed, for he knew that his every movement would now be watched, and those of his man-servant as well? When it was dark he would try and reach her house unobserved, and without making himself known find means of placing the things in her hands.

He could hardly wait for the night to set out. What if the police should send someone here with a search warrant, if he were arrested? He looked anxiously into the street. A man in the dress of a respectable mechanic was leaning against the railing of a house opposite. From time to time he glanced up at the windows of Dorrance's rooms. There was no attempt to conceal his purpose in being there; the police wanted Dorrance to know that he was under surveillance. It was a novel and irritating experience.

As soon as the street lights flashed out, he dismissed his man Simmons for the day, dressed himself in an old canvas fishing suit, and, with the jewels and things made up in a neat parcel, slipped out of the house through the rear, and finally reached a side street. It seemed to him so important that his purpose should not be discovered, that he exhausted his ingenuity in confusing the trail, doubling in and out of streets, dodging down alleys, snatching an occasional ride. Several hours passed before he came in sight of the Etheridges' house, which stood in the midst of considerable grounds on a corner near the North River. Satisfied that he had outwitted those sent to watch his movements, he entered the garden through a door inscribed "Entrance for Tradesmen." He felt elated at the thought of getting rid of his precious but troublesome parcel, and he could fancy her intense relief in having the things returned.

As he came into the shadow of the big house he saw that only one window on the lower floor displayed a light, which shone through half-closed shutters. What if she were there, in that room? He must see anyway. By reaching up and grasping the window sill he might raise himself to a position where he could look into the room.

It was worth the strenuous effort required. Louise Etheridge was there, almost in reach of his hand. She lay back in an invalid's chair apparently asleep, a half-opened book in her hand. He was shocked by the change in her appearance, the lines of care about her mouth and eyes. He was deeply moved.

He dropped softly to the ground, eager to carry out his intention. It was worth all the anxious hours he had spent to be able to bring such consolation. A sudden chill passed over him. The paper parcel had disappeared! Fool that he was to have left it out of his hands for a moment! There was no one in sight. Not likely: they must be far away by this time. He carefully searched the ground under the window, knowing perfectly well that the effort was useless. He had thought to outwit the police, to match cunning with cunning, triple ass that he was!

Pendrick's strategic mind could be traced in this. The little man had warned him that they would be too strong for him, that to be frank and tell all he knew, was the better part

(Continued on page 373.)

He tried to appear careless and unconcerned when a few minutes later he sauntered into the room where the detective was waiting

A mellow soil falls into a fine dust mulch about the roots of the growing crop

The People in the Land

By Hugh J. Hughes

Illustrated from Photographs

THE man who wore a skull cap instead of a scalp pushed back his chair and rose from the table

"B'ar ketched 'im thouten no time to load 'is gun," was the succinct explanation with which a neighbor, noticing my glance at the departing figure, brought me back from juicy beefsteak to the People of the Land.

"B'ars" of various sorts have caught many of the makers of the Nechako—the bears of chance, of birth, of ill fortune, of love of adventure—but like the hero of this shortest story, they are men and women who have pulled their knives in the battle and who live to count their particular bear's pelt as one of their trophies. Stall-fed and prosperous folks don't go adventuring. They sit at home and smoke clay pipes, or gather on the sunny side of the street and swap stories. Believe me, it is the Downs-but-not-outs of the world who steer Mayflowers to new shores, break Laramie trails through hostile lands, win wildernesses and found empires.

Of course, every new epoch of pioneering has its own solution for its own problems. Outside a hotel so new that it was sans floors, sans office, sans windows, sans beds, sans register or clerks or bill of fare or paint, the scaffolding yet up, the workmen rushing to usability one room for the first travelers in its history—outside a motor car chugged. Its running-board had been smashed on a stump and its fenders were dented, but its presence was as much a symbol of to-day's pioneering as the ox-team and cart were of the Great Crossing that peopled the Middle West.

The Spirit of Youth

WE stepped out into the sunshine. The town of Vanderhoof, six weeks young, lay about us. A washerwoman was hanging out clothes. A gang of men were building a street over the corner of a slough. Every few minutes a tree crashed to earth, and the air was heavy with smoke of burning brush piles. Cows strained at the end of picket ropes. Chickens scratched at the turf for worms. A storekeeper, hatless, coatless, was hammering shelves into place while his partner was unpacking their just-arrived stock. Lot buyers were inspecting lots and estimating possibilities. A banker cashed a check on Minneapolis with more readiness than I have seen used far closer to home. An editor stood surveying his press, wondering how the whatever-editors-say various parts fitted together. A barber was painting his pole and the proprietor of a "flop-down"—a tent with bunk space and blankets—was laying out with square and chalk line the outlines of a more substantial building.

The first granite dishes had come. The first oranges were in town. The first drum beats of the war that is now shaking the world had but faintly sounded in their ears. There had been a farmers' picnic and dance two days before—too bad I had not been present! There was to be a six-round bout between the local champion and the Endako fistic "professor"—too bad we couldn't stay over and enjoy it! But, of course, we would plan on attending services. Held them in the town hall—had to go over and clean up after the dance—would have to get some sawdust for the bout Tuesday night—Brother Blank's work was a powerful help to the town!

"Very strange!" the reader will remark. Not strange at all in a new land. Later on men would come to worship the Lord according to one of several different prejudices, but now they all joined together; later the farmers might or might not make holiday with the men in the town, but now they were united; later on the bars might go up against a prize fight in the town hall, but now it was a public function attended by deacons, elders—I shall not vouch for the preacher, his business called him away on the same train that bore us eastward. Later on little social cliques would put on a capital S, but the democracy of a new land is charming, because it is wholesome and natural.

It is this charm that attracts men to new lands and conditions. I have an ingrained sympathy with the boy or man who strikes out for himself. In his home neighborhood he has been taken at other folk's valuation; in a new neighborhood he is taken at his own. It's his one big adventure. Soon the shell hardens and his life finds him fixed in a place—but it is a place of his own choosing. Here, from Emond-

ton to the sea, are not merely individuals, but whole neighborhoods, a vast inland empire rather, whose pioneers came day-before-yesterday, and where citizenship is acquired by unpacking a grip in a lodging house. It is the Great Adventure on a nation-making scale.

Superimposed, of course, on an older civilization. The Ominica is a generation old. Bearded men have farmed in the Nechako since boyhood. But the new rush is bound to be thought of, in days to come, as the real first opening of the land. Hunter, trapper, guide, miner,—all these of Yesterday remain and merge into the new order of things—and the New Order arrives with the automobile, printing press, Paris fashions and napkins at dinner. Just exactly as our fathers brought into the Middle West the culture and customs of the New England of their day, so the new migration is carrying with it the present culture and customs of the East.

Through the grey of the dawn mist riding,
In camp when the sun set low,
By trails where the Indians, hiding,
Awaited the covert blow;
Their women and children beside them,
Our fathers came up from the sea,
And won them a place on the world's fair face
That you and I might be.
And we as the sons of our fathers
Must follow the trails we see.

The Water Quest

IN all new lands settlement first follows the streams and clusters about the lakes. Our fathers came up the Hudson and Mohawk, crossed the Alleghanies, found the Ohio, built rafts and floated down that river to the Mississippi. Up the Miami, the Scioto, the Illinois, the upper Mississippi and the Missouri they made their way, or by another route they ascended the St. Lawrence and rode the Great Lakes into the harbors of Green Bay and Duluth.

All this is history that we have quickly forgotten. The same thing is happening to-day in the new lands, wherever they are. The reason is simple. The greatest need of human beings is water. One of the hardest things to get, surely, sweet to the taste, is water. I sometimes think there is no water between the Red and the Rockies. What there is certainly has not the tang of that which drips down the limestone ledges of the East, or flashes out of the granite of the West. Beyond the Rockies the water is sweet and toothsome, something to delight in for its sparkle and its tang.

And it does not, like that on the dry plains to the eastward, lie deep. It runs close to the surface, as the later comers have found.

The early settlers of a new land, if it is timbered, as is the Nechako, have a further reason for settling close to the water's edge. Here nature has made clearings, sometimes many acres in extent, and grasslands, a path for the plow, and by the mid-courses of the stream, a road to market

Along the Nechako the old rule runs true, and one might go by motor boat past field and garden, pasture and landing, down a stream where the Siwash still guides his canoe. Let us rather strike off through the wood trails away from the river into the farming country south of Vanderhoof. It is a sample of what can be seen in any direction through the wide basin between the Coast Range and the Rockies, as one follows the Grand Trunk Pacific eastward.

The Clothing of the Soil

THERE is no better way to judge the crop possibilities of a new land than to take notice of the native plant life. It tells us whether the soil is quick or slow, whether it will welcome our friends, the grasses and grains, or whether it will not. As the horses swing into the stride, and the buggy rolls forward along the Francois Lake trail, poplars stand straight and massive on either hand—the poplar that always loves a rich quick loam, such as we boys always chose for our bean patches. And the bean, you know, is a legume, like the clovers and alfalfas.

Beneath the poplar runs an undergrowth of brush, with berry patches here and there—more evidence of a quick soil. The surface billows away in crests not too steep for the binder, and in hollows that lie brown with rotting leaf mould beneath their summer harness of green.

The trail dips down into a creek valley, and beneath a pole bridge, safe in the waters below, are a dozen or more trout, their tails moving lazily, their sides gleaming with spots of gold. All that is needed to complete the scene is a bare-legged boy and an alder pole, for the alders are there,

Oats that gleam yellow in the sunlight meet one as he turns from the road, climbs the fence and makes his way over the plowed ground

and willows, bending over the water just as they used to do back in Boyhood Land

A little farther on lies a Siwash village, deserted for the time, its inhabitants all gone to the june-berry fields, gathering the harvest, and to the lakes where the salmon are caught and smoked for the winter. We meet and pass one Indian family, the men looking wrinkled and old, the women—the young women—fresh with a beauty that soon fades into fatness, the children black-eyed and wondering. The Siwash are a simple people, devoted to the church, seeking nothing better than to live in peace with the white men and to follow the scheme of life known to their fathers. At their best, they are loyal, friendly, indolent; at their worst, they are what still worse white men have made them.

The Shadow of Things to Be

ABOUT Noolki Lake runs a fringing neighborhood of "old-timers"—people who came into the Nechako before the railroad, and here, in their fields and gardens, it was given to us to see all the promise of the roadside fulfilled.

A mellow soil that crumbles beneath the heel, possibly, very probably the deserted bottom of a lake that spread far and wide over the Nechako basin before the deepening gorge of the Fraser released its waters. This soil falls into a fine dust mulch about the roots of the growing crop. Potatoes, nutty in flavor; oats that gleam yellow in the sunlight; wheat and barley, plump and bending low with the burden of a heavy yield—all these meet one as he turns from the road, climbs the fence, and makes his way over the plowed ground. There is alfalfa, richly green, its roots covered

Continued on page 360

The Khaki Spy

By Charles Dorian

Illustrated by F. A. Hamilton

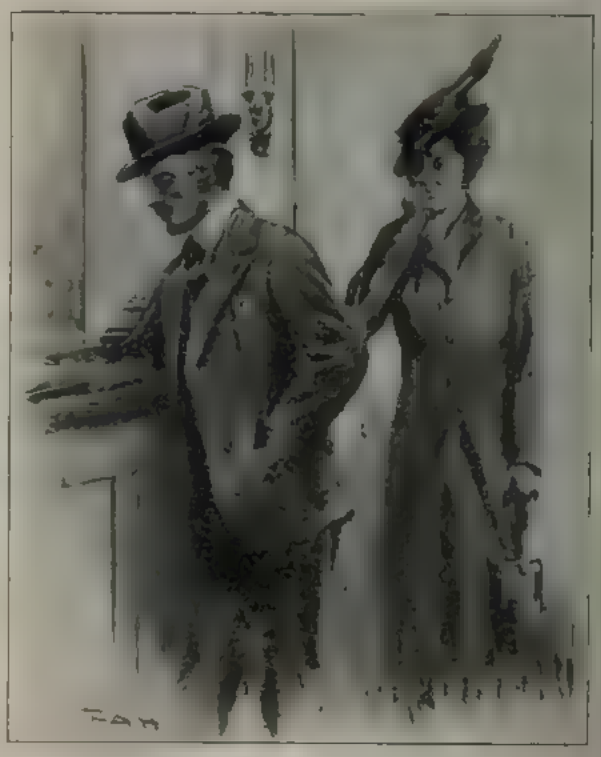
CAPTAIN DAVID BARKER was a hero before he had ever drawn his sword in battle; quite an ordinary hero, one would say, considering what is just naturally expected of a man.

Life for him was only a cheerful existence until he met the Creightons at Onyx Lake, a summering place among the islands of the Georgian Bay—that is, until he met *one* of the Creightons.

The Creighton family consisted of the Nickel Magnate, Stanley Creighton, his wife and only child, Constance. Stanley Creighton called her his daughter only when it was necessary to be very formal. She was a beautiful girl of eighteen, possessed of all the mischievous proclivities, and not a few of the graces of sensible, healthy youth. She was a little below the correct height and rather plump for perfect form. These are details one might expect an army officer to notice but be it said to the credit of Captain David Barker that the first look into her limpid blue eyes disarmed his regard for mere physical proportion. He was bathed, so to speak, in an eminence of some ethereal quality refining to his artistic perceptions.

Before the summer was far advanced he had caught glimpse after glimpse of the wonderful eyes and was nearly swept off his feet time after time by the tiny thrills they caused. Yet to all outward appearances she was like any other girl to him. The only pain he ever felt was while suppressing the emotions which prompted him to allow himself to be swept off his feet, and he suppressed them resolutely through some foolish notion.

Although potentially feminine her love of sport had earned for her not so long ago the title of tomboy. Her physical attributes were apparent because she exercised them so much. At tennis the dexterity which tossed the sleeves of her middy blouse revealed muscle adroitly clothed with soft skin of healthy pinkness in arms of shapely conformity. Her hair shone like a shower of freshly-minted sovereigns, a burning brilliance happily relieved in the cooling glances of her blue eyes. No wonder that Captain Barker playing on the other side of the net existed in a maze of dazzling sunshine in a garden of pink roses—yet it was the cerulean pools of blue which disturbed him most!



"Oh, she's all right. It's an easy matter to assume a name when you are travelling on your own," and he scrutinized the book again

One day she donned a crimson bathing suit with cap to match and after a short preamble of splashing in the beach surf she ran to the high rock

where the men usually adjourned for their deep-water stunts. She essayed the fifty-foot dive alone while demure maidens and effete youths puddled around the shallows and gasped at her audacity, predicting dire things.

Captain David Barker was just emerging from a cove in one of the thirty-thousand bays in his broad-thwarted birchbark canoe and glimpsed her as she made the plunge.

The water was deep, as the rock was high. The green waves closed over the crimson dart and the spectators watched breathlessly, murmuring as time passed and the red spot did not reappear.

Then Captain Barker used all the power in his strong muscles to gain the spot. He was lightly clad and needed only to cast off shoes and hat before he dived. He seemed an interminable time beneath the surface before he came up with the limp body clothed in crimson. He floated her to shallow water and with the aid of the other bathers bore her to shore. Then it took an hour to bring back a spark of life. The girl was taken to the hospital while Captain Barker ran, teeth chattering, to his hotel.

He changed clothes and repaired at once to the Creighton cottage. He told Mrs. Creighton in plain speech that her daughter would be the death of herself and some man if she was allowed to persist in her dare-devil feats.

"My dear boy," Mrs. Creighton said, good-naturedly. "I don't wonder at your speaking so crossly. You have suffered a nervous strain in your heroic effort. I have rescued her from similar perils time and again since she was able to toddle and I can assure you that I have been mad through and through—but she is such a dear after all. The doctor called me up a minute ago to say that she is talking of repeating the act and regretting that she stunned herself trying to get a glimpse of you in your canoe while she was in the act of diving. She is blessing you in her heart for saving her life just the same. She will be anxious to see you and tell you how much she owes to your prompt action."

"I don't want her to. I hope you will restrict her amusements or else, I believe I shall have to do it. Mrs. Creighton, if that girl had not recovered I should have repeated her act."

"Mother—can you realize that he is going where the men who command are picked off by the enemy like flies? We might never see him again"

"Oh! Captain Barker, don't talk that way. I did not know you thought so much of her."

"I love her, madly," confessed Captain Barker, vehemently. "She may laugh at me when I tell her—I feel that she will—because I have concealed my feelings for fear I might not be acceptable to her."

"If she doesn't love you, Captain Barker, I'll—I'll make her," stammered Mrs. Creighton, who was half-hysterical over the whole episode.

They were on the verandah of the Creighton cottage facing the lake, she seated in a wicker chair, he standing. Stanley Creighton came along at this moment.

"What's this yarn I hear about Conny?" he demanded, looking from one to the other.

"She's all right, Stan," said his wife. "She tried to dive from Devil's rock and stunned herself. Captain Barker rescued her. We owe everything to Captain Barker," she finished.

"Tried the Kellermann stunt, eh?" commented the girl's father. "Did you ever see such a hoyden, Captain? You'll say no, of course! You've got good stuff in you Barker. I'll always feel grateful for what you have done."

He grabbed the Captain's right hand and wrung it warmly. "Stay with us this evening," he invited. "They're going to bring her home after supper."

"Sorry, Mr. Creighton, I promised to leave on the five o'clock local to meet some other officers in Toronto."

"So? What's up?" asked Creighton, laconically.

"Nothing that I know to be serious. I hope to come back in a week but if I have to stay I shall wire you."

"My dear boy," interjected Mrs. Creighton. "Don't tell us that there is anything to this talk of sending troops to Europe—Oh! it can't be as bad as that!"

"It may end in talk," he stated. "But we are asked to show ourselves at the Armouries anyway."

"Oh, you must see Constance before you go," she declared. Her husband added. "Why certainly, you can't go without giving her a chance to thank you."

"I'd rather come back and see her," he avowed. "Don't make the going too hard in case of—in the event of—Oh! I guess I'd better be going."

"H'm," grunted the Magnate.

"Don't let her dare so much—she's too precious to lose. Good bye, Mrs. Creighton, Mr. Creighton."

"Good-bye lad," said Mr. Creighton—while his wife choked back her farewell. "I hope we'll see you back next week."

They watched him depart in silence, tall and straight in his Norfolk suit and sweater and light canvas shoes. He was tawny-skinned, brown-eyed and handsome as any man with perfect limbs and athletic habits can be.

The daily papers recounted the Captain's heroic act and said much of such valor reflecting creditably upon one expected to face the foe shortly on the field of battle. There was something in the paper every day about Captain Barker, in fact, and inside of a week was gazetted to be one of the officers chiefly engaged in the transport of troops first to Val Cartier, thence to the Continent. He telegraphed the Creightons as promised. Stress of duty prevented his revisiting them, he said—he expected to leave for Val Cartier in a few days.

Constance, who had been on the verge of a passionate declaration for the Captain every day since the accident, now that her mother read the telegram to her became strangely resentful.

"Bless his precious body," she mocked. "What could prevent his coming up for part of a day? If he wanted to see us very badly he would contrive it some way."

"You always reason from your own standpoint of risk," chided her mother.". Captain Barker is a soldier. We do not know what his duties are, but it seems that he must stay with his men—he commands, you know!"

The talk drifted into desultory comment and at last the emotion which Constance had been bravely suppressing burst forth.

"Mother!" she exclaimed, pitifully. "Mother—can you realize that he is going where the men who command are picked off by the enemy like flies? We might never see him again! Oh, I wonder why he thought me worth the effort to bring me back to life when I was beyond feeling? Mother—I *must* see him again. He thinks that I do not care—that I am just a headstrong, irresponsible kid who laughs at heroism. Must I go to him, I wonder and tell him that I do care—that I want him—want him?" If he does not come to me I'll go to him; there's nothing else for it. I cannot let him go into a hostile country and not tell him that I love him. I cannot stay and know that he may be facing death any moment. I would rather go in his place."

"Oh, now, Conny, be sensible. I believe the boy loves you and you can't gain anything by going to him. Why don't you write him and tell him what you think of him? He's a brave lad and a little encouragement will cause him to act with the same heroism on the battlefield as here. You know the brave usually escape injury!"

That was Constance's own theory.

"Oh, I can't write," she said, helplessly. "I must see him—speak to him."

Nothing could lull the welling emotions which increased day by day in the heart of Constance. The healing power of time had no effect upon her. Already her hero was preparing for the trans-Atlantic trip which would bring him nearer to death. It was unbearable. He did not come to her—so she went to him. At least, she went to Val Cartier.

And she did not tell her mother or her father. It was another of her reckless episodes. Again she had taken a plunge which only the chivalry of a high-minded man could construe as an act of courage, at least not an act of indiscretion.

Her mother prayed for her; her father threatened to go and bring her home and cut her allowance so short it would not admit of transcontinental jaunts on a whim of mistaken conscience, or whatever she thought she had.

Then it came like a thunderbolt. The papers were making fun of the daring girl who ventured into the lines at Val Cartier dressed in a khaki uniform! True, the girl's identity was not revealed and the published sketch of her profile was a bad one—not like her at all (so her mother said).

"It can't be Conny," she confirmed, illogically.

"It's nobody else," growled her father. "There's only one girl in Canada would do such a thing, and she's Conny Creighton."

More details came out in the paper each day but never the name. The important part was that she was in prison as a spy or something.

"Let us close camp and go down. It's too darned cold here anyhow. Lots of people are going down just to see the review before the lads sail. Let's go," urged Creighton.

And close camp they did.

Stanley Creighton's first act on their arrival at Val Cartier was to examine the hotel register for the name, "Constance Creighton," but he was not rewarded with success. There was no such name written upon the pages of that huge book.

"Maybe she didn't come at all," moaned her mother in a panic.

"Oh, she's here all right. It's an easy matter to assume a name when travelling on your own," and he scrutinized the book again for a trace of her handwriting.

Mrs. Creighton watched the men in khaki while her husband gave up half an hour to his fruitless task. She expected to get a glimpse of Captain Barker. She was, therefore, disappointed.

They were at Val Cartier several days before anything was hinted at revealing the part their daughter was supposed to have taken in the military manoeuvres.

It came about from a casual remark made by the Magnate to a Member of Parliament whom he knew.

"These men are well trained," he pronounced expertly. "What, then is delaying their departure to England?"

"It's common gossip, now," said the Member, "that their sailing has been postponed because of the existence of a German plot to wreck systematically the trains taking them to the embarkation point. The information was given out by one of the transport officers who gained it in some mysterious manner. If that woman who dressed as a soldier and got a job as orderly to the transport officer had not bungled her job, the Canadian Contingent would now be victims of a diabolical act of extermination. The plot was to let all but the last four trains leave safely and then a systematic raid was to be made on the sectionmen covering sixty miles of track and their places were to be taken by interested Germans with the necessary explosives to demolish the four trains. This was intended to divert the attention of the authorities from the dastardly act and the loading of the transports would get scant scrutiny. The plot was thicker however. It was learned that the transports were to be at anchor in the harbor and the troops loaded from lighters to avoid any unforeseen danger around the docks. The plan was to employ a diver to go down close to shore and wade out to the anchors and fasten a contact bomb to the hawser of each vessel so that the moment the anchor was pulled up and struck the side of the vessel she would be blown into pieces."

Mr. Creighton listened with interest but the thought uppermost in his mind was, "Who was the girl? And how did she bungle the job?" and presently he asked the Member.

"It hasn't been revealed who she was but she gave the information as to the date of entraining (which she very easily obtained from the transport officer) to the wrong party."

Stanley Creighton talked it over with his wife in the hotel lobby.

"That couldn't be Conny, now could it?" he asked. "It isn't like her unless she just wanted to detain the troops for obvious reasons."

"Not likely—I don't believe the woman in khaki was our Connie at all."

"I'm doubtful, too," confessed Mrs. Creighton.

While they were thus expressing their doubts Captain Barker stepped into the hotel and walked up to the desk. Stanley Creighton jumped from his chair and stalked over to him. The Captain turned a smiling face upon him.

"Mr. Creighton," he exclaimed, "I'm glad to see you. Ah! I see Mrs. Creighton is here too. Let's go over." He linked the Magnate's arm in his and walked over to where Mrs. Creighton sat. The Captain had not finished his salutation before she asked abruptly:

"Where's Connie?"

"She's here — in this hotel," he answered.

"Here?" they exclaimed together.

"Didn't you know," he asked, surprised. "She gave me the idea that you were here with her, but now that I come to think of it she did not say so. I wanted to see you both and this is really the first time since she came that I've been at the hotel."

"What's all this nonsense about being arrested for a spy?" asked her father, impatiently.

"Who? Oh, the German lady who donned soldier's clothes! She's detained all right. She was a pretty clever spy, all right."

"Then Constance had no hand in it?"

"Yes she did—that is——"

At that moment Constance herself appeared on the staircase. Captain Barker ran forward to escort her into the presence of her parents.

"Do you mean to say?" her mother demanded, severely, "that we have lived under the same roof for a week and never met before?"

Constance did not laugh as she might have done. She looked almost solemn in her grey tweed suit and little smoke-velvet turban.

"I've kept pretty much to my room since I arrived. I have had all my meals sent to my room and go out only when Captain Barker telephones for me."

"Well, now that we're all here tell us about this plot to wreck the Canadian Contingent," urged the Magnate.

"Oh, that was a funny episode," explained Constance." It was such a coincidence that ended happily for the soldier boys. When I came I registered as 'Madge McKenzie.' That started the whole thing. I was not in my room ten minutes before a visitor was announced. My heart jumped when I went to the parlor and was greeted as 'Madge' by a good-looking khaki soldier who seemed to be in a dreadful hurry. 'I brought the clothes,' he blurted, and commenced right there to undress. I was dumbfounded. The parlor door was ajar and someone might have come in at any moment. He proceeded calmly but quickly to shed his khaki. 'It's all right," he explained. 'I've got fatigue clothes on underneath,' and the fatigue clothes consisted of a green tunic and long trousers, badly crushed from being squeezed by the other uniform over it He took off his broad-brimmed hat and replaced it with a small 'forage' cap. He was still a uniformed soldier while the khaki outfit lay on the chair, even to the boots which he took off and replaced by soft black shoes. Then he left me abruptly

"I took the uniform to my room and went out to find Captain Barker to whom I told what had happened. Between us we figured out a plot. I was evidently taken for someone else who was to arrive on the same train. The boy in khaki was a German spy and I was to be his accomplice. He left it all to fate. I was evidently to don the garments and go to a certain quarter of the camp to get information I was supposed to know all about it.

"Captain Barker and I returned to the hotel and looked over the register to corroborate a belief of his—and sure enough on the next page was entered 'Madge Kingsley' so near like my own nickname that the inference was plain. Her room number was sixty-one. Under Captain Barker's instructions I wrapped the clothes up and addressed them to 'Madge Kingsley'—room 61 and Captain Barker sent it up with a boy. Then we watched room sixty-one My room was opposite and I could see her door from my transom. Captain Barker commanded the view from the parlor. In half an hour a soldier in khaki about my size emerged timidly from room 61. I got a good look at 'her' and Captain Barker got a mental photo of her—and then he left me Now, David can tell you the rest."

"She headed right for the horse lines opposite my tent and began to take

Continued on page 360

"Between us we figured out a plot. I was evidently to don the garments and go to a certain quarter of the camp to get information. I was supposed to know all about it"

The Mystery of the Jade Earring

By Henry Kitchell Webster

Author of "The Butterfly," "The Whispering Man," etc.

Illustrated by Percy Edward Anderson

"Wouldn't you rather not talk about it now?" Jeffrey urged. "We're terribly interested, but we're not inhuman, really. Don't you want to wait until some other day?"

She shook her head. "I want to tell it now," she said, "and then perhaps not tell it again, ever."

"After we'd bought our sandwiches and started on again, Dr. Crow began telling me, for the first time, about my aunt's mental condition. He said she had lucid periods and periods that weren't lucid at all, and it was dangerous for her to see people—impossible really, for any one to be with her, except himself.

"I felt a vague discomfort about my journey then—felt that if he'd been playing fair he'd have told me that before we started. But it seemed foolish to insist on going back, so we went on. It wasn't till we got inside the gates that he told me his plan.

"He said he'd take me up to his wing of the house and leave me there to make myself comfortable and freshen up from the journey, and perhaps have a cup of coffee or something, while he went and saw my aunt. Then, he said, if she was all right, he'd take me in to her. If not, I could wait until morning and see her then. She was more herself in the daytime, he said.

"I didn't like that at all, but I assented to it. I thought, of course, there'd be servants there, possibly some old ones who remembered me, and that I could take matters more or less into my own hands.

"He drove me up in the car—not to the big door, but to one at the side, a wing that I didn't remember, though I remembered the rest of the house perfectly the moment I saw it. He let me in with a latch-key instead of ringing. There didn't seem to be any servants anywhere. I spoke of that, but he laughed in a perfectly natural way and said that everybody went to bed with the chickens out here, and I knew that was so. There was nothing I could do without making a scene, and even that would probably not have done me any good if his intentions were—sinister. And, of course, if they were all right, it would only make me look foolish.

"He showed me into a little dressing-room where I could freshen up after my long ride, and when I came out he had a cup of hot coffee and some sandwiches all ready for me. He said he didn't want anything himself, but that he'd go and make his regular evening visit to my aunt, and that if she was all right he'd come and get me."

"I don't believe you drank that coffee, did you?" Jeffrey asked quickly.

"No," she answered, and then her eyes widened as she looked at him. It was a full minute before she went on with the story.

"He was gone a long time, but at last I heard footsteps in one of the

SYNOPSIS.

Jeffrey undertakes to paint for the queer, rich, invisible Miss Meredith a portrait of her dead niece taken from a photograph. For some strange reason, the commission gets on his nerves, and he goes abroad suddenly, without ever having seen Miss Meredith, but only her confidential agent and physician, Dr. Crow.

The story opens with Drew (who tells the tale) at home with Madeline and Gwendolyn, discussing a mysterious murder. Next morning Jeffrey telephones for Drew. Dr. Crow is announced. Drew sees Crow in Jeffrey's place, and sensing an unasked question in Crow's assertion that in the portrait Jeffrey has presented the likeness really more vividly than the photograph tells him suddenly that Jeffrey had a studio in Paris—a year after Claire Meredith died. Drew and Jeffrey discuss Crow's interest in the portrait, particularly in a slush green streak under the ear, which resembled a jade earring. Drew asks if it was "like this"—displaying the earring. A seance is held at Gwendolyn's house, where the medium, terrified by the sight of an unplanned manifestation—the murdered girl—screams and faints. An unknown man rushes to her aid and asks her, "What was Irene Fournier to you?" A sudden shot summons the police. The woman says she has fired on her husband, and then tells how Irene Fournier lived in their house, became their confederate, discovered Miss Meredith, but was unable to induce the client to return to Beech Hill, Miss Meredith's country place. Jeffrey poked around the grounds alone, discovered the boathouse open and a skiff on its side with its painter cut. He afterwards rang the bell at Beech Hill and met Miss Meredith. Having invited him to lunch, Miss Meredith left him to Miss Martin, her companion, who countermanded the order in the doctor's name. Jeffrey saw again a baby raccoon which had waked him on the boat, thus establishing the identity of Miss Meredith and Miss Martin with the occupants of the next stateroom. He remembered the crazy voice which repeated over and over, "She's dead! I killed her with a pin!" While telling all this to Drew at the latter's office, late at night, the two men are interrupted by a knock. Dr. Crow tells Jeffrey of his first meeting with Miss Meredith. Crow finished his narration. Just before he leaves his face changes suddenly. Jeffrey tells Drew that, "Crow has seen it," and that to-night the two conspirators must go to Beech Hill and commit a burglary. Gwendolyn and Jack come with them. On the road an auto is passed. Arrived at Beech Hill, Drew and Jeffrey slip past two unknown guards and enter the lighted but apparently deserted house. They find Barton, wounded and incoherent, and they hurry him to the hotel where Jack and Gwendolyn are staying. When Barton is able to do so he recounts his supposed murder of Irene and the [illegible] Crow. Later [illegible] Jeffrey [illegible] poems of Crow's guilt [illegible] Barton has in his possession a photographic likeness of the dead girl, he measures the [illegible] and is astonished to find that it is of [illegible] rather than French [illegible] This discovery impels him to hurry with all possible speed to Beech Hill. He meets the party with Drew and Richards in the [illegible] boat. The engine gives out and Richards returns for more gasoline while Drew and Jeffrey swim ashore. Here they discover Claire Meredith, who is dripping wet—she has fled, terrified, into the river to escape from Crow. After they have allayed her fears and warmed her at a fire, she explains the strange resemblance between herself and Irene [illegible] her half sister, owner of the [illegible] [illegible] In a attack of somnambulism [illegible] to lose sight of her aunt. In the [illegible] evening she had made [illegible] with the Williamsons, friends of Jeffrey, who had occupied an apartment next to his in Paris. She gradually recovered her memory, [illegible] her mind to seek out her aunt in America, but she has been foiled by the designs of Dr. Crow, who plans her death so that he can acquire the old woman's money. He [illegible] efforts to counterfeit her photograph.

down-stairs corridors. I thought he was coming back. But the next thing I heard I didn't like. That was somebody letting himself into the study down-stairs with a key. The grate of that key sounded unpleasant somehow; made me feel as if I had been a prisoner.

"I supposed, of course, it was he down there, and I expected every minute that he'd come up. But he didn't come, and at last I went to the head of the stairs and looked down And then I saw that the room wasn't lighted. Whoever was down there was working in the dark.

"I don't pretend that I wasn't frightened, but after all, it only makes your fright worse to keep still and wonder what you're frightened about, so I lighted a candle and went down. I saw a man down there that I knew wasn't Dr. Crow, searching through some papers by the light of an electric torch.

"I was fairly in the room before I saw that, because, of course, the light of my own candle was shining in my eyes. If I had seen it a little sooner I shouldn't have gone in. But he heard me and turned around and gave one look at me. It was the most horribly terrified look I ever saw in a man's face. He made a little clicking noise in his throat and then turned and ran. He bolted through a door—a different door than the one he'd come in by—and left it unlocked behind him, and for quite a while I heard him running this way and that through the passages

"I thought of calling out for help or something, and then quite suddenly I decided not to. I decided, too, that I wouldn't go back to the room where Dr. Crow had left me. I'd go over to the other part of the house—the part I knew, in the hope of finding somebody—somebody else than the doctor.

"So I walked down the corridor the burglar had come in by and hunted around and found myself at last in a part of the house that I recognized. I wandered around for a while, and then I made up my mind to go straight to my aunt's sitting-room. If she were at Beech Hill at all, even if she weren't in a condition to see me herself, she'd surely have a maid, or nurse, or companion, or somebody I could go to.

"I got a little confused in the passages, but finally I found my way there. The room was empty, and somehow it looked as if she weren't using it any more. And when I went into her bedroom, that was empty, too. I had got back to the sitting-room when a puff of wind from somewhere blew my candle out. I hadn't a match, and—well, I was about at the end of my resources, or I thought I was. I didn't feel equal anyway to exploring that horrible house any further in the dark—for I was beginning to have a horror of it

"I just sat down on a couch in the corner and waited. It was storming then. The rain was roaring down furiously so that I couldn't hear anything else, till pretty soon I felt another puff of wind like the one that had blown out my candle, as if some one had opened a door somewhere. And then I saw that a man was standing in the room. I hadn't heard him come in, but it seemed as if he had come out of the clothes-closet.

"I didn't cry out. I don't often do that. I suppose it was partly fright that held me perfectly still and almost kept me from breathing—like a nightmare, you know.

"He stood there for a minute, perfectly still, too as if he didn't know which way to go! And then there came a blinding glare of lightning and I saw who it was. It was Dr. Crow. He had a revolver in his hand. But that wasn't the terrifying thing about him. It was the look in his face. If ever you could see murder in a man's eyes, and in his horrible savage smile, it was in his face then.

"As soon as the lightning flashed into the room he began looking around—rather slowly and carefully. But his eyes hadn't got around to me when the lightning went out and everything was black again—blacker, of course, to his eyes and mine, than it had been before

"He stood there waiting for the next flash. When it came he would see me. I wanted to use the darkness to run away in, but I couldn't move I had to sit there. And then, before another flash could come, we heard a shot out in the grounds somewhere, and the sound of a man running, plunging through the underbrush. At that he darted across the room and out of the door

"I don't know how long I sat there before I could get strength enough to stand up again. When I did I felt my way out of the room and down the stairs, and finally, following a little breeze that kept blowing in my face, I found a door that had been left unlatched, and that let me out of doors.

She had gone pretty white during the last part of the narrative. For myself I felt guilty that we had let her tell it, even though she had wanted to

"The rain had almost stopped by then, and I could hear a motor-boat throbbing along out in the river. I hurried down the drive as fast as I could. The one thing I wanted to do was to get away from Beech Hill—to put miles and miles between the dreadful place and me, and then go and ask for shelter somewhere.

"But long before I got to the park gates I heard some one coming. I left the driveway and hid among the trees. The sky was getting brighter then, and it was almost moonlight. Anyway, it was light enough for me to see who it was that was coming. It was Dr. Crow again. He was still carrying his revolver in his hand.

"I waited quite a while among the trees for him to get by, and then I went on to the gates. I found them locked, and I knew I couldn't possibly get over the wall. The only way out was the river. I knew that Dr. Crow would go back to the house and search it, and when he found I wasn't there he'd lock it up and begin searching the grounds. So I went down to the river and waded out as far as I could, and then—well, I kept on.

"I am a pretty good swimmer, but I have never swum in heavy clothes before. But, really, I didn't care much what happened—whether I ever felt land under my feet or not. I just wanted to get away from that horrible, horrible place. The current carried me along pretty well, and presently I found myself wading out again, here on Hog Island."

She had gone pretty white during the last part of the narrative. For myself I felt guilty that we'd let her tell it, even though she had wanted to.

Jeffrey reached over and laid a steadying hand on her shoulder. "Our adventures are over now," he said. "Everything's come out all right. We'll brighten up the fire a bit and that boat of ours should be coming back before long."

"But he—he," she whispered, and nodded mutely in the direction of Beech Hill. "He's still there."

"Never mind him," said Jeffrey. "We'll attend to him presently. We'll brighten up the fire a little and—isn't there a drop or two of that brandy left?"

"You're very good to me," she said unsteadily. And then suddenly she reached out and caught one of his hands in both of hers. "But—but, please don't go away. Never mind the fire. I don't want to be left alone. Somehow—somehow the old fear is all coming back."

"After all," said I, "it only takes one of us to get the firewood."

I rose somewhat stiffly, for the cold had struck in, gave them a cheerful nod and tramped off into the thicket. She didn't seem to mind my going somehow, though she seemed grateful enough over my offer to replenish the fire.

I wasn't sorry to tramp around a little and get some of the stiffness out of my legs, and I went rather farther afield than a search for fire-wood made necessary. Before I came back I decided I'd go down to the bank at the lower end of the island and see if Richards and the police-boat weren't in sight anywhere. But before that I wanted a look at Beech Hill and the boat-landing.

I thought it possible that I might catch a glimpse of Crow. I suppose it was the thought of him that made me pick my way rather quietly through the undergrowth and down the slope toward the river's edge.

From where I stood I commanded a pretty good stretch of the Beech Hill shore line, and my eyes were busy with the shadows that still lingered in the thickets above, when something—I suppose it must have been a sound—made me look around.

Just past the end of a little point here on Hog Island I saw projecting the stern of a little boat—a skiff.

I went toward it automatically. We wanted a boat, and here was one come ashore—one that had drifted here likely enough. For all that I moved cautiously, and my footsteps in the soft sand didn't make a sound.

I rounded the little point clear of an overgrowing bush and saw the boat's oars were still in it, not unshipped. But the thing that engraved itself on my mind—the thing I can see yet, and that still brings back a certain horror, was the trailing end of the painter tied around the forward thwart.

I stared at it for a breathless instant, then looked up and saw Crow crouching there, revolver in hand.

He saw me at the same instant, smiled wickedly, and raised his revolver. There wasn't time even for a shout. I ducked my head, plunged at him—he wasn't more than six feet away—got a tight grip around his waist and we went down together. Then there was a blinding flash, and silence.

CHAPTER XXI.

HOW IT ENDED

IT WAS a soft, warm, alluring May morning; the spring sky had just the thinnest of gauzy cloud veils drawn across it to keep the impetuous young sun from making love too ardently to the half-grown foliage that sheathed the trees, when I issued my ultimatum. Madeline was alone in the room with me watching me finish my breakfast when I began it. But Jack dropped in to see how I was before starting downtown, and, of course, Gwendolyn came along, too, and they were in time to hear the finish. I never summed up before a jury more eloquently.

"I'm not ill," I said. "There hasn't been anything the matter with me for a week. I'm not going to be treated any longer as if I were marked 'fragile—perishable—with great care.' If you people will just go away and let me dress, I'll get up and show you a few things. And you needn't think it's a joke either," I concluded, for they were smiling at each other, as if my stern decision were not to be taken seriously.

"It happens," said Madeline, "that Dr. Armstrong said last night that if you slept well, and if this turned out a fine day, we could take you out for a ride."

"Well," said I, partly mollified, "that's all right as far as it goes. But it doesn't go half far enough. I want to be told what's happened. I have lived on intellectual malted milk long enough. Oh, I know everything's all right, of course! Jeffrey's come up and grinned at me every day, and you've been bringing me bunches of sweet-peas and things with Claire's regards. So I know that she's all right, too. But I want to know what happened after Crow hit me on the head. I want to know whether he got off. I want to know whether Barton's still in jail. I expect he deserves to be; but I hope he isn't, all the same. I want the whole story without any gaps in it, and without being patted on the head and told not to worry about that just now."

"You're getting to be a detective," said Gwendolyn impudently as if I hadn't a claim to be called one already. "How did you know Dr. Armstrong said that we could tell you all that to-day?"

That took all the wind out of my sails in a hurry. "Did he really?" I exclaimed. "Well, then, begin."

"Oh, it's all settled!" said Jack. "That's Jeffrey's job. We're all going to the studio at eleven o'clock, and he's going to tell his tale."

"You, too!" I exclaimed. "I didn't think anything could tempt you from the office."

"From church, you mean," he said. "This is Sunday. Oh, I confess it's a loss, but I've made up my mind to it."

"You'll have to hurry, though," said Madeline, as if hurry weren't the thing I had been demanding, "it's after ten o'clock."

I was a bit wabbly about the knees, to be sure, and my head had a way of turning giddy, the natural result of being kept flat on my back while the crack in my skull had time to knit together again. So I hadn't much energy left to bother them with questions while I was being dressed and helped

down-stairs and bundled into Jack's limousine, which had all the glass down in honor of the day.

But there was a sort of determined look about all my family that convinced me that I shouldn't get any answers yet, anyway. So I admired the park as we drove through, and talked politics with Jack, just as if the word curiosity had never been printed in my dictionary.

But once I was safely deposited in Jeffrey's Morris chair, with Madeline on the arm of it, and my best pipe drawing comfortably, the whole story came back over me with a rush. Perhaps it was the studio itself. I hadn't been there since the afternoon when Richards and I had watched the face—the face we had thought to be Irene Fournier's—appear from under its mask of disguising paint on Jeffrey's canvas.

Jeffrey never seemed so slow as when one tried to hurry him. But at last he turned to me with a grin, and asked me where I wanted him to begin the story.

"Where to begin!" I cried. "Begin by telling me how it happened that Crow didn't get you and Miss Claire as well as me. I hadn't time to give you any warning, and if ever I saw a man hunting human game, he was that man."

"I can't explain that reasonably myself," said Jeffrey. "It was all Claire's doing. She kept getting whiter and whiter after you had gone away, and at last she said she couldn't stand it. She'd got to know what had become of you. She said she was sure you couldn't be gone as long as that, though you hadn't been gone long really. So I got up and handed her my revolver. 'That's just for company,' I said. 'There's absolutely nothing to fear now from anybody.'

"All the same, her mood had rather got hold of me, and I tacked along northwest—the direction you'd started in, making as little noise as possible. I told myself I was doing that in order to have a better chance of hearing you. But that wasn't the reason.

"There is a second little ridge on the island beyond the main one, and when I climbed that I got a clear view of the branch of the river, and of Beech Hill on the other side. And then I glanced down and saw Crow. He hadn't got very far from his boat then, and I could see you lying there in the mud behind him. I thought he'd finished you. I imagine he thought so, too. But—well, luckily a man's feelings don't have time to operate in a situation like that. He doesn't do anything but think.

"Crow snapped up his revolver and covered me, grinning, just as Claire had described him. But it was the last grin he ever wore. He was nearly thirty paces away, and I figured he had a pretty good chance to miss at that distance, so I turned a little away from him, leaned back a little, and made a slight signal with my hand, as if to somebody else who was coming along behind and to the right of me.

"His eye wavered at that—almost any man's will—and I jumped aside and got cover behind a tree. 'Come on, Richards!' I yelled. 'Down to the left and get his boat. I'll get him myself!' Then, making all the noise I could, I came crashing down the hill a little farther.

"It was an old trick, of course; and yet there was a certain plausibility about it, because he didn't know of any way that I could know that Richards was up there, unless I really had him with me. He hesitated a second and then made a dash for his boat. He pushed off and then backed away a few strokes with the sculls.

Then he hesitated again. I think the fact that he wasn't fired on may have convinced him that he had been tricked. But the next minute there was a shot from over at the right. Claire fired it when she heard me call out, and that decided it.

He began pulling straight out toward the river. But a couple of minutes later Richards and the police-boat hove in sight around the end of the island. I swear I never thought I should be so glad to see the lieutenant. Crow waved to him as if nothing was the matter, and began pulling deliber-

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For Face, Hands & Hair
Tubes 25c, Jars 35c and 75c At the Stores
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Pompeian NIGHT Cream. Some women find it is all their skin needs. Hundreds have written us that when the face, neck and hands become roughened and reddened by winds or cold or dry climates, Pompeian NIGHT Cream soothes, softens and beautifies while they sleep. So fragrant! So white! A new delight! Try it tonight!
Pompeian MASSAGE Cream. Other women write us this suits them best. You see, it all depends on a person's skin. A sallow, cloudy or "lifeless" skin needs this pink Pompeian MASSAGE Cream to wake it up. It rolls in and out of the skin in its own peculiar way, beautifying and refreshing tired, drawn faces. Pompeian MASSAGE Cream also cleanses pores wonderfully.
Use Creams Together
Also, many women write us that they use both creams, and in this way: First, take a two minute massage with Pompeian Massage Cream. This youthifies and cleans the skin.
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Pompeian HAIR Massage makes the hair healthy, strong and lustrous. It removes Dandruff, one of the biggest causes of itching scalp and falling hair. Pompeian HAIR Massage is no experiment. For many years it was known as Hyki Tonic. We bought the business because Hyki had been so successfully used by more than a million people.
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Use Pompeian HAIR Massage
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can get it very quickly from his
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Also, Cleveland, O., U.S.A.

ately enough toward the Beech Hill landing, just as if he meant to get there first and welcome him ashore. But he hadn't gone three boat-lengths when I heard another motor, and saw Jack's limousine come tearing down the drive and pull up in the circle just at the head of the bank.

"I shouted to Richards: 'Get him! Get Crow! Don't let him go ashore!'

"Crow stopped rowing at once and waited for the police-boat to come alongside. I didn't pay attention to anything more just then, because as soon as I saw that Jack and Gwendolyn were safe I was down over you, trying to find out whether he'd left anything of you or not."

His voice made amends for the jocularity of his words. Indeed, I could see that that was the only way he could speak of a moment like that. There was a little silence, then he went on with his story.

"Richards gave me the details of what happened next. Crow unshipped his sculls and stood up in the boat when the police-boat came alongside, just in the act, apparently, of climbing aboard the other boat. And then it looked as if something had tripped him. Richards doesn't think he meant to do it. I can't be sure. Richards says it was the painter—that very same long painter, Drew—"

"Yes," I said, "I know."

"Anyhow, he threw up his arms in an attempt to gain his balance, and went overboard, capsizing the skiff as he did so. Of course, they expected him to come up, and wasted a minute or two for that to happen. But he never did come up until they found him with the grappling-hooks. His pockets were weighted—not with regular weights, but with all sorts of heavy things.

"There were two revolvers—one of them was Barton's automatic—and a bag of English sovereigns. Oh, and a lot of documents and note-books and things that he evidently hadn't time to destroy. He was ready to make a good getaway if he got the chance.

"We rigged a blanket for you, and took you and Claire over to Beech Hill and—well, that's about all to that part of the story."

"One more question, Jeffrey," said I. "Why didn't Crow kill her as soon as he got her down there to Beech Hill? Why did he wait?"

"I've an idea," said Jeffrey, "that we found the reason down at the boat-house. Some one had been working down there very recently on a drag-net, putting the weights on it. He didn't mean to make Barton's mistake, and he wanted everything ready first.

"And then—well, there was chloral enough in the coffee he left for her to drink, and that she happened not to want, to have put her sound asleep, if not to have killed her. Oh, it was complete enough! It was the net that finished Richards. He looked as sick as I felt when he saw it, and as soon as he could get to a telephone he sent word to turn Barton loose."

"How did Richards feel about the whole thing?" I asked. "Rather sore and aggrieved, I suppose, over having gone after everybody but the real criminal."

"Thank the Lord for something cheerful to talk about at last!" said Jeffrey, and the rest were all shaken with sudden laughter.

"Can you find it?" asked Gwendolyn. "You lose nearly everything, you know."

"Never this!" said Jeffrey proudly, and he took from his pocket what proved to be an editorial clipping from one of the more serious evening papers.

> It is often the unpleasant duty of this newspaper to speak in sharp criticism of the police department. And consequently it is doubly refreshing to have an opportunity to offer it unqualified praise as well as our hearty congratulation on the possession of so brilliant and efficient an officer as Lieutenant Richards. The solution of the mystery of the Beech Hill murder would be a credit to the police department in any of the European capitals, and in our own annals it is unique. With an absence of bluster and noise, with admirable reticence, with perseverance and logic, and occasional flashes of intuition almost uncanny, this officer unraveled the tangled threads of that mystery and brought it to a triumphant solution.
>
> From the fact that the suicide or the accidental drowning of the criminal at the moment of his capture obviates the necessity of a sensational trial—and for this the community is to be congratulated—it is only fair to attempt to give Lieutenant Richards some portion of the *reclame* that would have been his if the trial had taken place.

"I wanted Richards to come around this morning," said Jeffrey, "but he told me he was busy. In fact, he has told me that every time I have asked him since that editorial appeared. But, judging by his voice over the phone, he isn't sore a bit." He pulled out his watch. "Claire ought to be here now," he said. "She—she still doesn't feel much like hearing the story told over again, but she's awfully anxious to see you."

There was something new in Jeffrey's tone—something almost shame-faced about his expression. The care-free impudence that one associated with him on most occasions had somehow disappeared. And—yes, by Jove, he was blushing!

Just then we heard a step in the corridor. "There she is!" he cried, and sprang to the door and flung it open.

Yes, there she was! If ever it was possible to see the personification of spring-time come walking into a room and turn the cool north light of a studio golden, we saw it then.

She didn't look at Jeffrey; just held out a momentary left hand to him. But—well, she was blushing a little, too.

She came straight over to me, holding out both hands. "I've wanted to see you before," she said, "but they told me it mightn't be good for you to have another look at me until you were quite well."

"I'm sure it would have," said I.

"Have you shown him the portrait yet—the new portrait?" she asked.

He shook his head. "I've just given him a glimpse of the original, but I didn't want him to see the finished."

"Aunt is coming to see it this afternoon," she said.

"Miss Meredith!" I exclaimed. "Is she—"

"She's getting better," Claire said soberly. "I think in a few months more we'll have her quite recovered."

But the subject was a little difficult to talk about. "Well, I'm glad to see *this* Miss Meredith so fully recovered anyway," said I.

"You're not going to call me that," she said. "The others—Madeline and Gwendolyn and Jack—all say I'm to be one of the family."

"H'm!" said Jeffrey. "They're not the only ones who say that. As a matter of fact, I said it first myself."

(The End)

Ten Years After the Rube Broke the Record

Continued from page 334

"The owner," said Dad, drawing outside—"I'll have to apologize—I didn't know."

On the dark stairs he heard steps approaching and he turned and looked down. A man was coming up.

"I beg your pardon for being here," Dad began as the stranger got up to him. Then his mouth formed an O and he gasped:

"Mr. Dawson?"

"And how are you, Dad?" asked Mr. Dawson, catching him by the arm, and leading him to the door. "Aren't you going in? I think somebody had moved in while you were away, eh, Dad?"

For once in his life the driver of The Rube was unable to utter a single word. He permitted the secretary-treasurer of The Turf Club to lead him to a seat, and he sat down.

"Dad, with your confounded false pride you are an old fool," Mr. Dawson began. "Ten years ago you helped us out when our club needed assistance, and I told you then that we were unable to pay you anything, but should that time ever come that you needed anything, you were to call us up. Why didn't you do it?"

Dad Groom couldn't say a word.

"We are going to help you now, Dad whether you will or not," continued

How Condensed Milk is Made

IT IS important that the facts concerning the manufacture of Evaporated and Condensed milk should be widely known. These products are coming more and more into daily use, as the convenience of their use is appreciated by the home keeper of Canada, and if our people can use them with every confidence in their purity and cleanliness, their use would be still further extended.

We are not in a position to speak authoritatively on the imported brands of tinned milk. Some excellent food products are produced in the United States, but there is also much that is not up to the standard demanded by Canadians. There is, however, no necessity for considering imported brands, as milk of the highest quality and excellence is produced in our own country. This being the case, Canadians will prefer Canadian brands, as they always do when quality and price offer no impediments.

The method we describe is that followed by the Aylmer Condensed Milk Company of Aylmer, Ontario, the makers of "Canada First" Brand of Evaporated and Condensed milk and is a fair example of the process that is, or at least should be, followed by every manufacturer of these products.

First, it is possible that some of our readers do not know the difference between evaporated and condensed milk. Both are made from pure "whole" milk that is with the cream included, Evaporated is homogenized by special machinery so that the cream does not separate, and is just what its name indicates. The excess water is evaporated, making a rich creamy product that is very much like cream, except for a wholesome, clean "cooked" taste that comes from the application of heat in sterilizing. Evaporated milk contains no artificial preservative and no sugar. It keeps perfectly in the air-tight tins until opened and for several days afterwards. Condensed milk is treated in the a similar way, but pure cane sugar is used as a preservative. The Condensed, therefore, keeps longer after being opened than does the evaporated.

The first care in guarding the purity of the milk is on the farm. Milk is purchased only from farmers that maintain their premises in a sanitary and hygienic condition and who will agree to give the company's inspectors every facility for checking their methods, the health of their cattle and other features that would affect the quality and purity of the milk. Even the most careful farmer, however, is not trusted to clean his own cans. Before these cans, in which the milk is brought to the factory, are returned to the farmer, they are cleaned and sterilized with live steam. The farmer's wife may be most conscientious, but she has not the facilities for thorough sterilization. Even boiling hot water is not sufficient.

Complete dependence is not placed on even these precautions. Every lot received is tested not only for purity, but also for acidity and the percentage of butter fat, solids, etc.

The copper vacuum pans in which the milk is evaporated, are scoured with emery and sterilized with live steam after each batch has been treated. The same treatment is applied to the filling machines and other apparatus. The homogenizing process is similar, in a large scale, to that of the chemist who makes oil into an emulsion. That is, the fat globules of the cream are broken up and incorporated into the milk so it cannot separate. That is the reason that none of these globules rise on the surface of a cup of coffee in which this milk is used. When fresh cream is used these globules do rise and, to put it mildly, are not particularly appetizing. They suggest soup instead of coffee.

The cans used are known as "sanitary". They are sealed without the use of lead or solder.

As stated, all milk is sterilized, but in the case of the evaporated, this process is repeated after the cans are sealed. This is made possible because the evaporated milk contains no sugar. The intense heat would "Caramel" or brown the sugar if the condensed were treated in the same way. This second sterilization however, is not essential for the condensed, as the sugar acts as a preservative, the same as it does in preserves and jams.

The evaporated is recommended for baby food, because the sugar desired may be added, according to the physicians' directions. The condensed contains too much sugar for some infants' stomachs, although in some cases it is quite satisfactory. It is safe, however, to use the evaporated and add dextromaltose or milk sugar as the physician prescribes.

The Evaporated and Condensed milks are doing much to lessen the troubles and anxieties of the homekeeper. These products are really superior to freash or perishble milk for cooking, and they are certainly safer than uncertain or uncertified dairy milk. The "cooked" taste is very agreeable to most people. Others soon acquire the taste; it is so suggestive of wholesomeness, cleanliness and purifying heat.

Even those who claim they cannot accustom themselves to the cooked taste in milk used as a beverage, can appreciate the advantages of non-perishable milk for culinary purposes. The milk is to be cooked in any case.

The careful housewife is constantly inconvenienced by an inadequate supply of perishable or dairy milk, as she is loath to order more than actually necessary. Anything over and above that will go to waste. With evaporated or condensed milk, this difficulty is overcome. It is always available and keeps until required.

The food value of milk is not properly understood. As a matter of fact, its nutritive value is very high and costs less than half the same amount of nutrition in meat.

Raw, or pasteurized milk is acceptable to some stomachs, but in cases of impaired digestion, it is not suitable. The food value is there, but it is not in a form that can be assimilated. Evaporated and Condensed milk being sterilized or cooked is found to be more readily digested. It is the same as with many vegetables. They cannot be eaten raw, but are delicious and digestible when cooked.

Possibly the greatest benefit of nonperishable milk, is its safety as a food for infants. The first year of baby's life is the dangerous time, and iunfortunately many families are not so situated that they can secure dairy milk that has been scientifically treated. Untreated dairy milk is a source of danger, there is no doubt about that. Even commercial pasteurization is not entirely satisfactory. The Sick Childrens' Hospital in Toronto thought it necessary to install a Pasteurizing Plant of their own at an expense of $20,000.

It is comforting, therefore to know that any person in any part of the country can now secure *safe* milk for babies. As stated before, the evaporated milk is best for this purpose as it contains no sugar, and some babies cannot digest ordinary cane sugar.

We could enlarge on the uses of evaporated and condensed milk, but probably it will be as well to let the makers tell their own story in the advertising columns—at regular rates. It is sufficient for us to say that the product is good; that proper safeguards are taken to protect their purity and healthfulness and that our readers may use them with safety.

Nick *and* Pull—save time and money

Quick as a wink the pencil's sharpened—no fuss, no muss, no soiled fingers, no bother of whittling; and how the smooth easy-writing leads do glide over the paper!

That's ***speed*** for you!

No wasted leads—there's no scraping necessary. With ordinary wooden pencils two-thirds of the lead is lost in sharpening. The Blaisdell uses ***all*** the lead in writing, and lasts two-thirds longer.

That's ***economy*** for you!

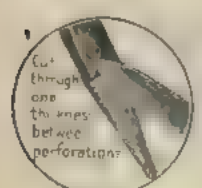
The biggest corporations are users of Blaisdell pencils, and the biggest factor that determines their use is Blaisdell's downright economy.

And there's positive fascination in learning to "nick and pull." You soon become an adept and wonder how you ever took the time to whittle down a wooden pencil.

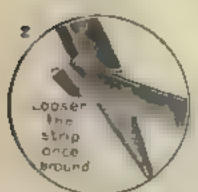
This makes Blaisdells a joy for the business man, clerk, stenographer, student and everybody who writes much and often.

Blaisdell 202 is a special favorite with many. Blaisdell 151 blue pencil is a world beater—outsells all other blue pencils combined. Order by number from your stationer.

Blaisdell is a complete line of pencils—every kind for every purpose, including regular, colored, copying, indelible, extra thick, china marking, medium, marking, lumberman's, and rainbow pencils. All grades in all degrees of hardness. Sold by leading stationers everywhere.



Nick and Pull—the modern way to sharpen a pencil



Blaisdell Paper Pencil Company
PHILADELPHIA, U.S.A.

Mr. Dawson. "But before I go any further I want you to say, 'Thank You.'"

Dad opened his mouth for the first time.

"Thank you ever so much, Mr. Dawson, but——"

"There you go. Dad, you were always a mean man to handle. But you must get over it." He put his hand in a pocket and pulled out a long, well-filled wallet.

"Here, Dad," he said, handing it over—"Is a little present from the boys. And I have been asked by them to tell you that they hope you live a thousand years and that you are happy every minute of it. But while I am here, there is something else, I want to tell you about."

Mr. Dawson arose and beckoned Dad to a back window.

"In that barn over there you will find hay and oats. Use it—it is your property—"

"Hay and oats?" Dad questioned.

Mr. Dawson's hand stopped him.

"Now, just a minute, and then you can do all the talking you have a mind to. I want to show you further how the boys appreciate what you did for them ten years ago."

They were at the front windows now and Dad was rubbing his eyes. Wasn't that The Rube in new harness and attached to a neat rubber-tired buggy?

The old veteran drew out a handkerchief and then he broke down. Mr. Dawson watched him for a minute with a smile on his face.

"Well, well, Dad! And what, tell me, is there to cry about? Don't you think it about time to put in your horse and give him something to eat?"

The Way of the Sea

Continued from page 331.

and rough words without whimpering. Learning to do dirty, hard, menial work and do it quick with oaths for thanks. Learning to eat vile food; to sleep in cold, damp quarters; to arouse from deep sleep at a savage hail; "Turn out, you sojers, an' be dam' quick about it!" Learning to hide his better instincts under a cloak of roughness; to regard such things as sympathy, love, and feeling with scorn. It was a tough schooling, but it makes a man of a boy.

The Nipper found it hard, but we all find it that way. Seasickness, after we let go the towing hawser off the Cantyre, claimed him for two or three days. Days of abject misery when death was welcomed and consolation was lacking. No mother there to nurse and comfort. No, indeed!

Hot and Cold Water on Tap.

You can have all the conveniences of a city water supply in your home, and the cost is [illegible]

The PEERLESS WATER SYSTEM pumps water from your source of supply to an air-tight tank in your cellar, where it is held under pressure. You have water on tap anywhere in the house hot and cold—and for sprinkling purposes outside—water enough for your every need. It costs you nothing to investigate the

PEERLESS Water System

Complete and interesting information will be sent on request

Ample Fire Protection!

Write

NATIONAL EQUIPMENT COMPANY, LIMITED.
15 Wabash Avenue, TORONTO, ONT.

BOYS, LOOK

On page 317 of this magazine you will be interested in my proposition.

R. G. TOBIN, Mgr., Mail Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

AGENTS Wanted to Sell Rebuilt AUTOMOBILES on installments. Pay while you ride. Write for agents' contract and illustrated catalog.

EUREKA AUTO CO., BEAVERTOWN, PA

Nothing but an unsympathetic crowd of youths who smoked, quarrelled, cursed and played rough jokes with the sufferer. "Try a piece o' fat greasy pork, son. Tie a piece o' marline to it; swaller it, an' pull it up again. Nothin' like it for greasin' th' ways an' gittin' all th' longshore swash out o' yer stomach."

And the Romance? Alas! the only sign of it was in the blue-skied Trades, when with braces strung and every kites aloft and drawing, the old bark slugged through the deep unfathomed azure of sea. Cleaning, scraping, chipping rust and painting gave us little time to appreciate the beauties of the latitudes, while the star spangled nights were devoted to snatching odd moments of blissful sleep around decks with rude awakenings of "Boy! Where th' hell has th' lazy brat got to? Aft here an' trim th' binnacle!"

The Nipper got his sight of the Horn—the storied Stormy Horn—from the elevation of a topgallantyard furling sail, and with the sight came a curseful hope that he'd never see it again. "Damn good thing when the Yankees get the Panama Canal cut," said he. "It'll sweep these old Cape Hornin' windjammers off the seas an' th' best thing for them!"

So the days passed. Work, work, and more work. Come day, go day, God send Sunday, 'till we overhauled the ground tackle and got the anchors over the bows. On a fine day, we raised the blue Andean loom and stood in, and in the peace and calm of the second dog watch, Case and I sat on a spare spar, smoking and listening lazily to the Nipper talking with the other apprentice.

"Aye! She's made a fair passage. Could ha' done better though if the Old Man had only put sail to her while we was to the east'ard o' Cape Stiff. . . Used t' make me sick every time I'd hear 'All hands wear ship' sung out. How'd he expect to make westing with his bloody upper tops'ls stowed 'most th' time. An' lyin' to for four days—th' bloody old fool! Why, he sh'd ha' put it to her then. . . . an' th' wind sou'west for a slant. That's th' trouble with them old swabs. Always shortenin' down when it comes away strong from th' west'ard 'stead o' ratchin' her into it under all she'd stand

Case gave me a nudge. "D'ye hear who's talkin'? Criticisin' the Old Man's seamanship. A cub on his first voyage deepwater slangin' Old Mike that has doubled th' Horn twenty-four times. Oh, yes, th' Nipper is learnin' all right. He'll work his four years with these opinions, then, if he sticks it out, he'll learn all over again. . . .an' I don't know which lesson'll be th' hardest."

Her Second Childhood

Eating the simple, nutritious foods that keep the mind buoyant and the arteries soft and pliable is the surest road to the bounding, exuberant health of children. You can postpone Old Age through the constant companionship of children and through eating the simple, natural and well-cooked foods.

Shredded Wheat

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Being ready-cooked and ready-to-serve, it is easy to prepare with Shredded Wheat a delicious, nourishing meal in a few moments. Always heat the Biscuit in the oven to restore its crispness. Serve with hot or cold milk, adding a little cream and salt. Delicious for any meal with sliced bananas, baked apples or other fruits.

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Take our word for the first packet. Your palate will do the rest—or your money back.

People in the Land

Continued from page 348.

with nodules showing that the land is a natural alfalfa country. There are dense fields, and field peas ready for the mower. Just beyond where the timber still stands, the wild pea-vine that the cattle love so well is growing shoulder-high. This is essentially a forage growing soil—one glance at the roots and another at the meadows is enough to convince one. And, of course, forage is at the basis of profitable stock farming.

This fact helps to solve the freight rate problem—the cattle that browse on the wild pastures, and the hog and the sheep and the hen. The pea-vine becomes butter, and a large value bulks small in the express or freight car. The bulky hay crop, the relatively cheap grains, the roots that take the place of ensilage in the ration go to market disguised as beef or pork or eggs. This is the story of profitable farming in older lands; it is a story which will be repeated wherever men mix brains and muscle with the soil.

There is a dinner in a home beside the road—venison and garden stuff and good wheaten bread and berries smothered in cream; there is a ride over the dancing waters of Noolki, tramping across meadows, the ring of the reaper, the voices of men and women, the laughter of little children, the ride home through the twilight of a perfect day. Only now and then is one privileged to see, as we have seen, a land in the making, its people confident and strong, its resources unmeasured, its future great.

The Khaki Spy

Continued from page 351.

an interest in my horse. Now, it happened that one of our orderlies was sick and the Major had asked for another to be sent along temporarily. He noticed the new arrival and [illegible] took my orderly and said I could have the green one. I did not mind. I got the quartermaster to do some detective work for me. I arranged to receive a number of bogus messages about the movement of the troops and left them carelessly lying about in my tent while I went out to watch my [illegible] from behind another tent. She was not long getting familiar with the contents of those messages and she was tracked by the quartermaster to three different orderlies in the camps to whom she imparted information. It was then necessary to put on more detectives to watch the three. We soon ran them down to their central Bureau, who was the bartender in this

hotel. My orderly deserted me after a couple of days but instead of escaping she ran into the arms of our detective force. But you've read all about it—I can't add any more. We are going to embark just as we had planned and we expect to land safely in England, too.

Captain Barker expected something else, hoped for it, and he gave voice to it now that the moment was opportune:

"Mr. Creighton; Mrs. Creighton," he bowed and addressed them seriously: "I am about to embark upon a hazardous campaign. I hope to come back but the odds are heavy. It will be with deep regret that I leave you all. Constance knows my feelings. It will make us both happy if you will consent to our marriage before I go."

"You know I'd never object," said her mother.

"She'd never get a better man," acknowledged her father.

"And I could not have had better parents," responded Constance, kissing each in turn.

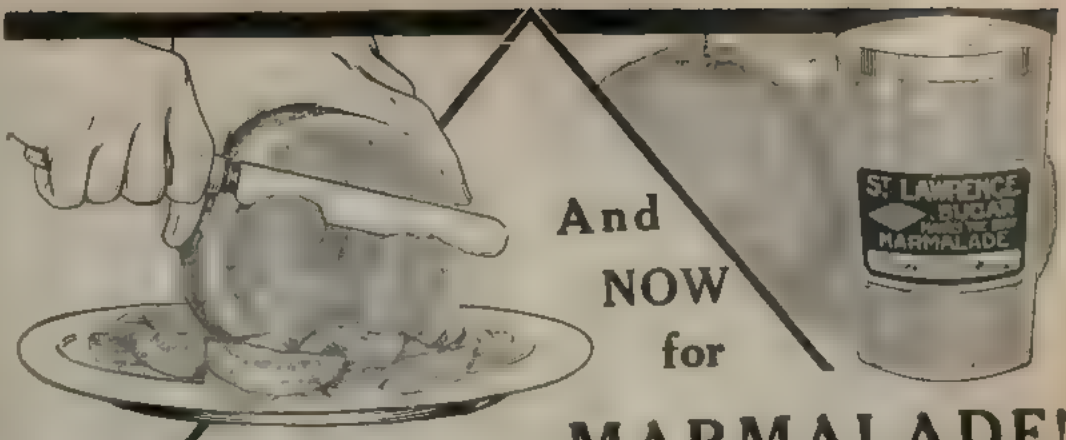
The Victory of a Faint Heart

Continued from page 337.

But when Mister Masters entered (so timidly to the eye, but really so masterfully) into little Miss Blythe's life, she could no longer tolerate the idea of marrying Mr. Blagdon. All in a twinkle she knew that horses and yachts and great riches could never make up to her for the loss of a long, bashful youth with a crooked smile. You can't be really happy if you are shivering with cold; you can't be really happy if you are dripping with heat. And she knew that without Mister Masters she must always be one thing or the other—too cold or too hot, never quite comfortable.

Her own mind was made up from the first; even to going through any number of awful scenes with Blagdon. But as time passed and her attentions (I shall have to call it that) to Mister Masters made no visible progress, there were times when she was obliged to think that she would never marry anybody at all. But in her heart she knew that Masters was attracted by her, and to this strand of knowledge she clung so as not to be drowned in a sea of despair.

Her position was one of extreme difficulty and delicacy. Sometimes Mister Masters came near her of his own accord, and remained in bashful silence; but more often she was obliged to have recourse to "accidents" in order to bring about propinquity. And even when propinquity had been established there was never any progress made that could be favorably noted



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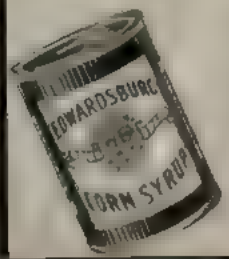

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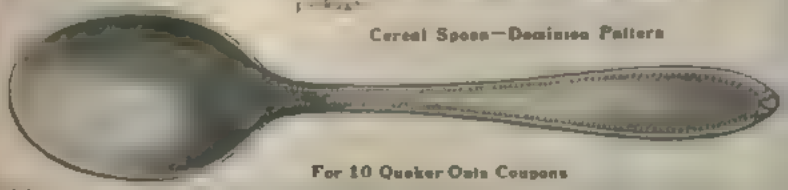

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Behind her back, for instance, when she was playing tennis and he was looking on, he was quite bold in his admiration of her. And whereas most people's eyes when they are watching tennis follow the flight of the ball, Mister Masters' faithful eyes never left the person of his favorite player.

One reason for his awful bashfulness and silence was that certain people, who seemed to know, had told him in the very beginning that it was only a question of time before little Miss Blythe would become Mr. Bob Blagdon. "She's been found out," they said, "and of course we can give her everything worth having. So when he was with her, he felt [illegible] with an engaged girl, and his real feelings not being proper to express in any way under such circumstances, and his nature being single and without deceit he was put in a quandary that defied solution.

But what was hidden from Mister Masters was presently obvious to Mr. Blagdon and to others. So the latter sleepily watching the automatic entanglement of the fly, may spring into alert and formidable action at seeing a powerful beetle blunder into the web and threaten by his stupid, aimless struggle to set the fly at liberty and to destroy the whole fabric spun with care and toil.

To a man in love there is no readier danger signal than a sight of the object of his affections standing or sitting contentedly with another man and neither of them saying as much as boo to the other. He may, with more equanimity, regard and countenance a genuine flirtation, full of laughter and eye-making. The first time Mr. Blagdon saw them together he thought, the second time he felt; the third time he came forward graciously smiling. The web might be in danger from the beetle; the fly at the point of kicking up her heels and flying gayly away; but it may be in the power of the spider to spin enough fresh threads on the spur of the moment to rebind the fly, and even to make prisoner the doughty beetle.

"Don't you ride, Mister Masters?" said Mr. Blagdon

"Of course," said the shy one, blushing. "But I'm not to do anything violent before June."

"Sorry," said Mr. Blagdon, "because I've a string of ponies that are eating their heads off. I'd be delighted to mount you."

But Mister Masters smiled with unusual crookedness and stammered his thanks and his regrets. And so that thread came to nothing.

The spider attempted three more threads; but little Miss Blythe looked serenely up.

Continued on page 375.

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on the Main Line of the Grand Trunk Pacific

Let this Board of Trade, which has nothing to sell, give you reliable, disinterested, free information.

LEARN about the wonderful opportunities for farming and stock raising in the fertile Nechako Valley, the largest and richest connected area of agricultural land in British Columbia. Fertile soil. Mild, bracing climate. The best mixed farming country in Western Canada. On the main line of a transcontinental railroad. Near good, growing towns. Near schools and churches.

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This Board of Trade does not deal in land nor anything else. It only wants to bring you and the land together. The land is here, waiting for you. It will bring you big harvests every year and keep on swelling your bank balance.

Let this disinterested Board of Trade advise you about the farming and stock raising opportunities in this rich Valley. Tell us how much land you want, what experience you have had in farming, approximately what you are prepared to pay for the land and what resources you have to put it under crop. YOU DO NOT OBLIGATE YOURSELF IN ANY WAY AND THE INFORMATION WILL BE KEPT CONFIDENTIAL. We will advise you honestly, frankly, whether there is an opportunity for you here and if so, where and why. We will bring you and the land together.

If you have slaved in a more rigorous winter climate, away from neighbors, away from green trees and clear, running water, come to the Nechako Valley and enjoy life and prosperity.

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CANADA MONTHLY, Toronto, Ont.

Running Riot

Continued from page 325.

Senators are appointed by the Governor-General in Council and subject to certain conditions, hold their appointment for life. A Senator may by writing resign his seat. His place becomes vacant if for two consecutive sessions of Parliament, he fails to attend; if he becomes a subject or citizen of a foreign power; if he becomes a bankrupt or defaulter; if he is attainted of felony or convicted of felony or crime; if he ceases to be qualified in respect of property. This last means that he must be possessed of real property, free of all encumbrances to the value of four thousand dollars.

Wags with little originality are prone to assert that Senators seldom die and never resign. The late Hon. David Wark, who was gathered to his fathers at the advanced age of 103, and who was one of the most active members of that august body until very shortly before his death, was an intense Liberal, and could find no excuse for the longevity accredited to Senators—in the Opposition! During the first part of the Laurier administration, the Conservative majority resembled the Liberal majority, to-day, in that it was rapidly decreasing. Those in the minority hung on grimly, and made superhuman efforts not to lose seats by default; however, the Man with the Sickle occasionally marked one for his own.

A Conservative Senator from the Maritime Provinces had missed one session and almost all of the second. Daily, his vacant chair was looked upon with anxiety by one side and elation by the other. The Liberals counted the seat their own. But just a few days before the lapse of the two years, the aged Senator, dragged from his bed and his Province by the insistence of his party, tottered into the Red Chamber, on the arm of a husky hireling. A croaky cheer arose from the Conservatives; a grunt of disappointment and disgust from the Liberals. But Senator Wark expressed himself coherently.

"Good Lord," he ejaculated. "The old scoundrel! At his time of life he ought to be thinking of another world."

He was at least twenty years the feeble Conservative's senior.

A number of persons will perhaps be surprised to learn that theoretically, the Galleries are not supposed to be occupied, and should the Speaker's attention be called to the fact, they must be cleared. A good story occurs in this connection

A successful candidate was followed to Ottawa by his defeated rival who daily sat in the Gallery and looked

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Timagami — Black Bass, Lake Trout Speckled Trout
Lake Nipissing — Black Bass, Maskinonge, Pickerel, Pike.
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Black Bass—June 16th to December 31st.
Speckled Trout—May 1st to September 14th
Salmon Trout and Lake Trout—Nov. 6th to Oct. 4th, following year.
Maskinonge—June 16th to Dec. 31st
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down upon the new member with anything but admiration. This annoyed the nervous M. P., who took refuge behind the Parliamentary law, and each day he would rise in his seat, scan the Galleries and spying the obnoxious presence, he would exclaim,

"Mr. Speaker, I see a stranger in the Gallery!"

Whereupon Mr. Speaker had, of necessity, to depute the Sergeant-at-Arms to clear the entire Gallery!

The Naval Bill stands out in large type as a combination of business and pleasure—may I be spared the wrath of some of the members for saying so! It is history, however, how they made a virtue of a necessity, bringing air cushions, pillows, and even rugs into the Commons, during that continuous session when they slept in their seats. It is history how Dr. Clark was "named" by the Speaker, and didn't care a rap.

And it is history how Mr. Miller, of Montreal, was committed to the Tower which has so recently yielded to the hunger of the flames, because he refused to answer some questions when called to the Bar of the House. Being a prisoner of the Government is not nearly so trying as being the prisoner of the State, I understand. There is no enforced boot making, or stone breaking. Indeed, there is a current rumor to the effect that a Government Prisoner may have any thing but liberty, and the first one incarcerated in the Tower (Mr. Miller was the second) made exceeding merry each night at the expense of the country!

It is doubtful, however, whether anything in Parliamentary history makes any more interesting reading than the magic which was worked in the Victoria Memorial Museum in order to fit it for the housing of the present session. It had been the home of the Geological Survey, the National Art Gallery, the National Museum, and latterly, it was the birth of the National Theatre. It is the building famous for its CRACK, and the tower, said to be responsible for the crack, had just been pulled down.

Hardly had it been decided at the weird Cabinet Council held in the Chateau Laurier while the fire was raging on the Hill, that there would be no interruption in the sitting of Parliament; hardly had it been decided to use the Museum as its temporary home, than an army of workmen set about the reconstruction. On Friday afternoon, the day following the fire, the House of Commons sat in the Theatre—the only place available, with the exception of one of the larger theatres—the Speaker on the stage, under a Florentine curtain and over footlights; Parliament was beyond question dramatic in tone.

Some two hundred and fifty men were constantly employed inside and

outside the building. To begin with, an entrance had to be effected. The main door had been closed many months during the destruction of the tower and the tons of stone thrown down, or lifted down by cranes, had been piled at the entrance. Talk about your buried Pompeii! In an unbelievably short space of time and with the assistance of dozens of huge motor trucks loaned by the Militia Department, a miracle was accomplished, and the front door opened. Simultaneously, the side door was closed. The side door had been considered good enough for the employees of the Museum, by the way.

Inside, there was a hideous din, all day and all night, caused by ringing hammer and rasping saw. The spacious halls were partitioned off by means of beaver board and moulding into offices—and the specimens which had once held undisputed sway? . . . . .

Vandals in hand-to-hand conflict grappled with Greek gods and goddesses, carrying them away in prehistoric manner to some hidden lair.

"I love February," sang a cheerful worker, in whose defiling arms lay a divinely fashioned marble maiden, "but oh, you September morn!"

In a shorter time than it takes to tell, the halls of statuary were cleared of everything except a few chips from some angel's wings, or the combings from the beard of Moses. The Art Gallery was dismantled but the bones and fossils, the rocks and carbons suffered most of all. Regardless of tags which were appended on their day of christening, these specimens—the light of the geologist's life, the pit of darkness to the layman—were dumped into any receptacle which came to hand, and carried away—I know not whither. The nude animals, which had stood patient and unashamed as visitors looked at daylight through their slatty ribs, suddenly moved and moved with alacrity. Rumor has it that some St. George had the temerity to twist the tail of the Mammoth—indeed, he twisted it right off, and bound it for safe keeping against the ribs. A youthful warrior inspired by his example tore the horns off something better to crowd it into a small box. As for the ichthyosaurus, it was ripped from the wall and removed in sections—a couple of yards at a time!

By Monday practically all the offices were completed and furnished. The Auditorium apportioned to the Commons had lost its theatrical effect: it was equipped for the business of the country, even to its green carpet. The Senate held its first sitting in the new quarters on that Monday night, in a very Red Chamber, cleverly concocted from a combination of beaver board and red paint. It was furnished

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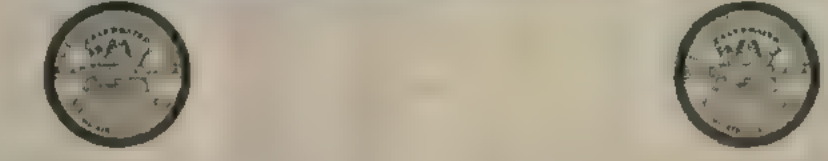

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C. A. MINER, Managing Director.

with red baize doors, and waste paper baskets, red in colour. In the press of work however, the trifling matter of a sign had been overlooked, and upon entering this section one read in large black letters,

INVERTEBRATE FOSSILS
TEMPORARY EXHIBIT.

Upstairs however, a keener observance had been shown. There was nothing to signify that upon the spot where No. 18 had been erected, a graceful hand with index finger extended, used to point out the words,

LOBSTER EXHIBIT.

But apart from frivolous comment, a great work has been accomplished in the reconstruction of the Museum. The gratitude of the country is due to the Minister of Public Works, his Deputy and the immediate assistants. None of them slept for fifty-five hours! One must salaam before brains which can grapple with a thousand details continuously for a matter of fifty-five hours.

The new temporary home of Parliament is running as smoothly now as did the home of yesterday; its hundreds of telephones—for each member's office has one—buzz throughout the day and night; its two Post Offices are as convenient as before; its telegraph clatters out messages to the country as regularly, and little remains of the old Museum but a couple of enormous totem poles which still guard the entrance.

Son of the Otter

Continued from page 328.

this Mititesh managed to build a very inadequate shelter, outside of which she built a big fire, for warmth. Her mother had wept during the livelong night and, when she lay down, shivering, looked so jaded and exhausted that the child's tears finally came also. Finally she went away to make the rounds of her snares, hoping to find another rabbit, but returned an hour later with empty hands.

For two long days they waited, starving, the little dog whining dismally with hunger and the pain of his burns, and finally Jean Caron, tottering, arrived and saw the ruins of his camp and collapsed at the side of the weeping women. He had a mink, which Mititesh skinned, and they roasted the little animal before the fire and ate it, scarcely a mouthful apiece.

Then Mititesh arose. Her snowshoes, fortunately, had been outside the cabin, and she took them, and

The Wagon Shop That Became the Largest Automobile Factory in the British Empire

Back in 1903 the town of Walkerville, Ontario, was possessed of a concern called the Walkerville Wagon Company.

If, on some day when business was not rushing, the general manager, Gordon M. MacGregor, wished to take a little stroll, he could walk around his shop in about 2 minutes by the factory clock.

Nobody would have believed at that time that this shop would in a few years, develop into the largest plant of its kind in the Empire having a floor acreage of over 435,000 square feet and making 3 times as many cars as any other automobile factory in the British Empire. But so it has come to pass.

Through the efforts of Mr. MacGregor and his Canadian associates, this wagon shop has been turned into the great Ford plant at Ford City, Ont.

The factory today is one of the industrial show places of Canada.

Here are the highest paid automobile mechanics in the Empire who put their best into the building of a car that has won its way into the confidence of the Canadian public.

Here are hundreds of machines designed by Ford engineers, which are marvels of the [illegible].

Many of them would do the work of an ordinary sized automobile company in a week or [illegible], but because of the demand for Ford cars they are kept busy [illegible].

Here a new Canadian Ford Car is born every three and one-half minutes.

Here workmen are busy engaged in making additions so that the production of [illegible] and men were not at work expanding the plant, literally building for the future.

Look in at the power plant and you will see two mammoth 650 horse power gas engines [illegible] in the early days when the factory's power was derived from the hotel [illegible].

Immense heat treatment plant. Vanadium steel, the most expensive and best of [illegible], is best treated the Ford way. Here each steel part is especially prepared for the stresses and strain it will have to withstand in the completed car.

The machine shop contains many wonderful sights for the visitor. There are long rows [illegible] subways at one time! Another that drills 15 holes at once in a cylinder casting from top and bottom. Marvelous speed and equally marvelous accuracy.

Then there is the handsome office building in which close to 200 workers are employed. In all there are over 30,000 people dependent on the Canadian Ford Plant for the [illegible].

In this plant the Ford car is [illegible] a refined form.

Furthermore, and here is a record rarely found in other large Canadian factories, all but $1[illegible]. Few products can lay claim to being so strictly "Made in Canada" as the Ford [illegible].

[illegible] means to Canadian industry when it includes such immense pur[illegible] steel, 1,200 tons of brass, etc., 120,000 wheels, [illegible] other materials in proportion. Practically the entire output of several large Canadian factories employing hundreds of workmen is taken by the Ford plant at Ford City, Ont.

But great as this influence is for the increased prosperity of the Empire, it does not stop there. All over the Empire are Ford Dealers who are important factors in increasing the wealth and prosperity of their communities.

The spirit of faith in the future that has prompted the Ford Canadian Company to proceed with a policy of full-speed ahead in times that have seemed to many to require the [illegible] of extraordinary caution and conservatism, is a happy, progressive, enthusiastic spirit that [illegible] city or town of any size in the whole Dominion and in the Empire overseas through the Ford Dealer whom you will find there.

Besides this there are the nine branches in Canada and one in Melbourne, Australia, four of which have been rebuilt since war began at a cost of over $1,000,000, that are powerful supports to these dealers in being elements of first importance in adding to the [illegible] and progress of the nation.

But phenomenal as the development of the Ford Plant has been, its great success was not attained without its share of great difficulties.

The first three years of its existence were somewhat precarious. The first car was shipped from the factory until six months after the company was organized. Now over 20,000 cars would have been shipped in that time.

The first main building was a two and a half story brick structure and the entire plant occupied about one acre of ground. The machinery consisted of one solitary drill [illegible].

But from 10 [illegible] on the business [illegible] power was [illegible] constructed and [illegible].

In 1911 the output was 2,400 cars. In 1912 6,300 cars were built, and so on up to this year's estimated production of 40,000 cars.

The executives of [illegible] Canadian in their ideas that they take the [illegible] Britain and her allies [illegible] been evade[illegible] Plant to its highest degree of [illegible].

As evidence of this $652,000 has been spent on new buildings at Ford City [illegible] has been [illegible] over a million [illegible] to Ford Canadian allies, and 900 men have been added to the payroll all this selling rent country during the progress of the greatest war the world has ever seen.

In addition the price of the Ford car has been reduced $120 since that memorable August 1, 1914.

An industry th[illegible] n (materia[illegible] Canad[illegible]

Ford Motor Company of Canada, Limited, Ford, Ont.

Ford Runabout	$480
Ford Touring	530
Ford Coupelet	730
Ford Sedan	890
Ford Town Car	780

f. o. b. Ford, Ontario

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CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL.

162

All "ARLINGTON COLLARS" are good, but our CHALLENGE BRAND is the best

kneeling, began to fasten them to her feet.

"Where art thou going?" asked the mother, anxiously.

"I must go north to the camp of Ahteck the big hunter," she said. "I must bring back food."

The woman wept again, declaring that it was too long a journey for the child, that she would be lost, as she had never been there, that she would fall by the way and freeze to death.

"Thou shalt stay with thy mother," suddenly declared Jean Caron. "It is hardly thirty miles but the country is rough. A very strong man could do it in one day, but I fear it will take me two. There is no food here, but the *Ahtum*, the little dog is left. Thou shalt kill it so that thy mother may not perish with hunger, and eat some thyself. I go at once and will return as soon as I can. Look to thy snares again, every day, for a hare might help to save your lives. Good-by!"

He was the man. His authority had never been discussed. They let him go but the woman moaned at his departure, and Mititesh felt a sense of terror overcoming her, as she looked at the little dog she loved, which she would have to kill with her own hands.

Bravely Jean Caron faced the frightful journey. There was no beaten path. At times the way was over the frozen surface of the little river and its rugged covering of snow, blown in great drifts or waving in ridges through the sweep of the winds. But there were many rapids where the ice was terribly broken up, and in which air-holes, sometimes deceptively concealed by thin layers of snow-covered ice, were a source of danger. Then the man would have to scramble up the banks again and find his way through the tangle of alder thickets, push through dead vines twined among old windfalls, scramble over prostrate trunks of trees and around rocks scattered at the foot of the big hills. He had never gone over this country, and, although he was greatly helped by his lifelong experience of journeying in the wilderness, met with such toil as would have deterred most white men.

Late in the day, as he stumbled on, harassed by the cough which often brought blood to his lips, he saw a spruce-hen, most foolish of birds, sitting on the limb of a sapling. With a string looped and fastened at the end of a stick he snared it and stopped to eat it, sitting before a small fire, over which he also made some tea.

When afternoon drew on a new fear came upon him, and he hurried faster. Unless he reached Ahteck's camp that night he would have to stop again in the wilderness, and the coming of another day would find him unable to go on, or sleeping his last sleep. He must reach the place before the darkness came and again he hurried, as if under the prick of spurs or the lows of the long-lashed [illegible]

He was compelled to [illegible] thought of the river as much as was possible. A vague idea came to him, but he had perhaps already passed [illegible] and was going [illegible] running away from [illegible] He actually stopped [illegible] putting and coaxing [illegible] awful idea. But he went on a [illegible] coming once more in sight of [illegible] close to some rapids, saw a blaze [illegible] showing [illegible] None of the two [illegible] could have marked the trees [illegible] no traps [illegible] north of [illegible] country and [illegible] the sun came down lower and lower towards the horizon, threatening soon to leave the world in darkness.

Again he had to leave the river-side and clamber over a rocky hill, to avoid thick alder swamps and the hummocky ground. He tried to urge his limbs to faster travel but they refused and he tottered on, leaning hard upon a stick he had cut as the crimsoning sky threatened him with fast approaching blackness.

Soon, under the trees, the dusk began to come threateningly and he stumbled on beginning to despair yet unwilling to stop until he was stumbling and falling and it took frightful effort to rise again and keep on his way.

And then, suddenly, his nostrils caught the blessed scent of wood smoke drifting towards him. The fire might yet be far away, but it was there, there ahead of him, burning brightly warming food, giving comfort to men and awaiting his coming.

The stick dropped from his hands and he scrambled on, drunkenly, sometimes falling and keeping on, crawling on hands and knees. The darkness was coming but the smell of smoke was growing stronger. At last he saw small sparks arising in the sky, that twinkled like beckoning stars. He was near! The women would be safe! He would be able to lie down, in a place that would be warm, and they would pour warm tea between his frosted lips, and give him food and then a rest under warm blankets, and sleep would come, restful, heavenly!

And then he fell again and could not rise, in spite of all his efforts. Yet he could see the shack, it was near, and through the small window a light was shining. Then he called, his voice raucous and halting, and called again.

The door was opened, and he saw the shadow of a man standing there, and presently another joined him. Then, hoarsely, he called again and rolled over, unconscious.

To be continued.

The Spider's Web

Continued from page 345.

III.

Jack Dorrance returned home early in the morning. He had sought distraction and found it, and his head was aching horribly in consequence. But he was exhausted sufficiently in mind and body to sleep, and that seemed to be the most desirable thing in the world in the present crisis. It was nearly noon when he awoke. One of the first things that his eyes rested on as he glanced around the room was a familiar object on the table near his bed. He was startled, for it bore a close resemblance to that precious package he had done up with his own hands the night before. There was even a spot on the corner of the wrapping which he remembered. Could he have dreamed everything, his visit to the Etheridges'. Louise———? Impossible! Every incident of that unfortunate mission stood out clearly in his mind.

He tore the package open with eager shaking fingers. Everything was there; the pearl collar, the veil, even the revolver. There was something else—a letter. It was from Pendrick

"*Dear Mr. Dorrance*

You will find everything here intact, and may thank me for having borrowed them for a short time, for otherwise the lady you serve might have incurred some unpleasant notoriety. With the best intentions in the world you have sadly muddled things. I warned you a free confession was best, but you wanted to show how clever you were. I cannot, however, help but admire your pluck, and honor your motives, and, as a reward, I send these things, that you may return them to the lady in person. This is unprofessional, a detective has no business to be sentimental, but nothing would be gained by dragging her name into the case when it can be avoided. I am convinced of her entire innocence. I shall soon see you again, when I trust you will have no reasons for concealing any of the facts concerning your visit to Collamore's.

Yours sincerely,

SAMUEL PENDRICK."

"What a man! What a man!" cried Dorrance when he had read the letter over several times, hardly able to credit what was written there. Then he rose with feverish haste and dressed He was glad his man Simmons was not present to disturb him with fussy attentions. He wanted to be alone with only his joyous thoughts for company

Half an hour after he had opened the letter he was on his way up town in a taxicab, having feed the chauffeur handsomely to put on his best speed. To the excited Dorrance it seemed hours before they reached their destination.

He found Louise in the very room she had occupied the previous night and apparently asleep. He was glad he had asked the servant not to announce him, for he wanted to enjoy her surprise. Laying the parcel softly down he withdrew out of sight, and watched her with shining eyes. A few moments and she stirred uneasily, sighed and looked round. Then she stared at the parcel, and finally opened it with languid interest. There was a startled cry of delight, and her face flushed redly.

Dorrance came forward smiling. "I thought you would be pleased to get your things again, my dear."

"Oh, Jack, I have been so unhappy," leaning her head against him and weeping bitterly. And he comforted her in the way approved by most lovers; rehearsed his adventures that night in Collamore's house: described what had happened since, and Pendrick.

"I only intended to frighten him, Jack, but I was so nervous."

"Of course, I know that dear," soothingly. "Thank God the worst is over! But why, why were you there?"

She hesitated a moment with troubled face. Presently it cleared.

"You ought to know, you shall know," she began with determination "That note, you remember, which Collamore pronounced a forgery?"

Dorrance nodded.

"Perhaps you heard me speak of Dick Onslow, the son of my old nurse? We were brought up together, boy and girl, like brother and sister. He was, is, a weak fellow, fallen into dissipated ways since his mother's death, but I always felt kindly towards him. He was continually hard up and I helped him. The note was his: he had obtained money on it from Collamore, who pronounced the endorsement a forgery. Dick protested that he had obtained it honestly; anyway he was threatened by the money-lender, and I could do nothing less than try and help him out of his scrape for old time's sake. Collamore's demands were, however, too exorbitant and—well you know the rest."

"You are a dear darling little heroine," murmured Dorrance as he kissed her. "I knew that you must be acting for another," and he became suddenly thoughtful. So much still remained to be cleared up. Pendrick, who did such unexpected things, what was he contemplating now?

"I believe I have seen such a person here in the neighborhood lately," she said. "Though I did not pay much attention to him." Then after some moments' reflection. "If you have a cab here, there is something I want you to do for me. Wait a moment until I have made myself presentable," and hurried out of the room, leaving Dor-

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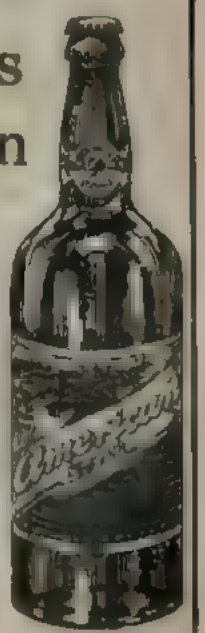

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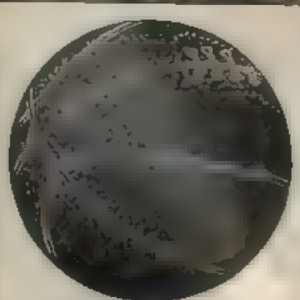

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R. G. TOBIN, Manager, 135 Mail Building, Toronto, Ont.

rance to wonder what this new move portended.

"If it is not impertinent perhaps you might give me a hint as to where we are going," Dorrance said

"He is ill, and we must get him away," was the enigmatic reply, and that was all she would say until the cab drew up before a modest-looking brick house on the East Side. Miss Etheridge opened the door with a key and led the way silently and swiftly up the stairs. On the landing she paused. "Wait here. I will tell you when I am ready." She opened a door, was about to enter; then drew back with a startled exclamation, which Dorrance felt like echoing, for the little detective stood before them.

"The poor young man passed away a few moments ago," he said gravely as he bowed to the lady.

"The Collamore case is no longer a *mystery*," continued the detective. "There will be no arrests. The guilty man, and perhaps he was only a blind instrument of justice, has been called before a higher court." He nodded in the direction of the room Louise Etheridge had entered.

"It was Dick Onslow then, and he is dead ?" asked Dorrance.

The detective bowed his head.

"Exactly. After she had promised to help him that night, it seems he had misgivings, and followed her to Collamore's; got into the house somehow, secreted himself in the room where they met and shot the money-lender when he thought Miss Etheridge was in danger."

"And helped me to escape, added Dorrance.

"I did not know that, but he acted as he thought best; for though a weak, foolish—but I must not speak ill of the dead. If you had not been in such an agitated state of mind you would have heard two shots, for they must have come almost simultaneously. Now Collamore was killed by a .38 bullet. That toy belonging to Miss Etheridge carries a .22. You can understand that as soon as I set eyes on the latter I knew she was innocent, and you thought to outwit the old fox, eh ?" with a quizzical look at Dorrance.

"It is true that I made some grievous blunders, but remember my inexperience," replied the young man.

"I sincerely trust it will be your last experience of the kind, my friend, in this sort of business, for there seemed to be every prospect at one time that your name and that of a certain lady might be dragged through the mire of the courts."

"I think we both owe it to Samuel Pendrick that we escaped," cried Dorrance heartily as he grasped the little man's hand.

"It is one of the few compensations

to be found in the life of a detective: the infrequent, all too infrequent, opportunities that come to him to do a good turn, to save a reputation. And now the drama is over, I will leave you to join the young lady," and he went out.

The Victory of a Faint Heart

Continued from page 362.

"I never saw such a fellow as you, Bob," said she, "for putting other people under obligations. When I think of the weight of my personal ones I shudder." She smiled innocently, and looked up into his face. "When people can't pay their debts they have to go through bankruptcy, don't they? And then their debts all have to be forgiven."

Mr. Blagdon felt as if an icy cold hand had been suddenly laid upon the most sensitive part of his back; but his expression underwent no change His slow eyes continued to look into the beautiful, brightly colored face that was turned up to him.

"Very honorable bankrupts," said he, carelessly, "always pay what they can on the dollar."

The next day, there being some dozens of people almost in earshot, Mr. Blagdon had an opportunity to speak to little Miss Blythe. Under the circumstances, the last thing she expected was a declaration; they were in full view of everybody; anybody might stroll up and interrupt. So what Mr Blagdon had to say came to her with something the effect of sudden thunder from a clear sky

"Phyllis," said he, "you have been looking about you since you were seventeen. Will I do?

"Oh, Bob!" she protested

"I have tried to do," said he, not without a fine ring of manliness. "Have I made good?"

She smiled bravely, and looked as nonchalant as possible; but her heart was beating heavily

"I've liked being good friends —*so* much," she said. "Don't spoil it."

"I tell her," said he, "that in all the world there is only the one girl—only the one. And she says—'Don't spoil it!'"

"Bob—"

"I will *make* you happy," he said. "Has it never entered your dear head that some time you must give me an answer?"

She nodded her dear head, for she was very honest

"I suppose so," she said.

"Well," said he

"In my mind," she said, "I have never been able to give you the same answer twice . . ."

DUNLOP
TRACTION
TREAD
They may disagree on the merits of the play—and on many other subjects but they agree that motoring there and back with Dunlop Traction Treads was "just fine and sure!"
T. 120
DUNLOP
TRACTION
TREAD

A decision is expected from us" said he. "People are growing tired of our long backing and filling."

People! Do they matter?"

"They matter a great deal. And you know it."

Yes I suppose they do. Let me off for now, Bob. People are looking at u

I want an answer."

But she would not be coerced.

You shall have one, but not now. I'm not sure what it will be."

"If you can't be sure, now, can you ever be sure?"

Yes Give me two weeks. I will think about nothing else."

Thank you," he said. "Two weeks. . . That will be full moon. . . . I will ask all Aiken to a picnic in the woods, weather permitting and—and if your answer is to be my happiness, why, you shall come up to me and say, 'Bob—drive me home, will you'

"And if it's the other answer Bob?"

He smiled in his usual, bantering way

"If it's the other, Phyllis—why you —you can walk home"

She laughed joyously, and he laughed, just as if nothing but [illegible] light and amusing was [illegible] between them

Along the Whiskey Road early the whole floating population of Aiken moved on horseback or [illegible] Every fourth or fifth [illegible] a lantern: but the [illegible] wide-gaped [illegible]

No, She Will Not Have Corns!
Those pretty shoes may bring corns. But the corns won't ache. And they will not stay.
For she is a Blue-jay user
When she first feels a corn she applies Blue-jay. That prevents all pain. And in two days the corn disappears.
Millions now deal with corns that way. They never suffer, never keep a corn. What they do, you can do.
Paring never ends a corn. Harsh acids may cause soreness.
But here is a little, thin plaster, holding a wondrous wax. It is scientific, gentle, sure It is ending a million corns a month
Let it prove that corns are needless. Then you never again will have them. Please try it on one corn to-night
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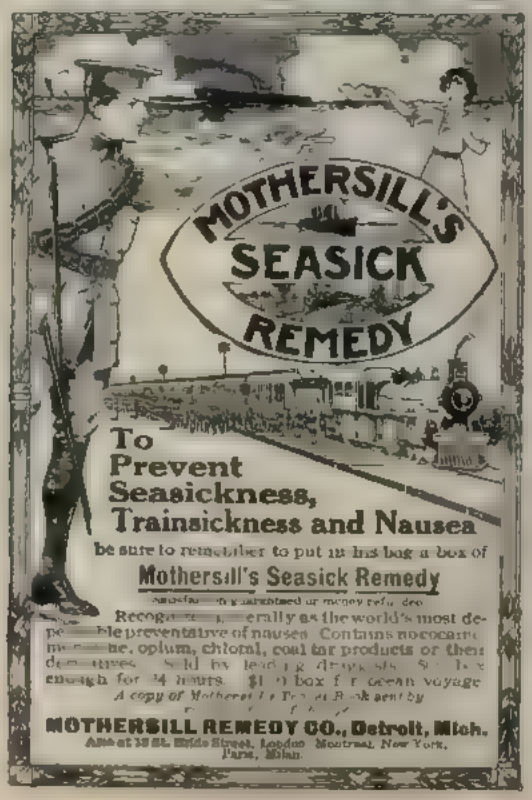
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To Prevent Seasickness, Trainsickness and Nausea
be sure to remember to put in his bag a box of
Mothersill's Seasick Remedy
MOTHERSILL REMEDY CO., Detroit, Mich.

or equestrians was denoted only by the sounds of voices. Half a dozen family squabbles, half a dozen flirtations (which would result in family squabbles), and half a dozen genuine romances were moving through the sweet-smelling dark to Mr. Bob Blagdon's picnic in Red Oak Hollow

Mr. Bob Blagdon had preceded his guests by half an hour, and was already at the scene of the picnic. Fate, or perhaps the weather bureau at Washington, had favored him with just the conditions he would have wished for. The night was hot without heaviness, in the forenoon of that day there had been a shower, just wet enough to keep the surfaces of roads from rising in dust. It was now clear and bestarred, and perhaps a shade less dark than when he had started. Furthermore, it was so still that candles burned without flickering. He surveyed his preparations with satisfaction. And because he was fastidious in entertainment this meant a great deal.

A table thirty feet long, and low to the ground so that people sitting on rugs or cushions could eat from it with comfort, stood beneath the giant red oak that gave a name to the hollow. The white damask with which it was laid and the silver and cut glass gleamed in the light of dozens of candles. The flowers were Marechal Niel roses in a long bank of molten gold.

Except for the lanterns at the serving tables, dimly to be seen through a dense hedgelike growth of Kalmia latifolia, there were no other lights in the hollow; so that the dinner table had the effect of standing in a cave; for where the gleam of the candles ended, the surrounding darkness appeared solid like a wall.

It might have been a secret meeting of smugglers or pirates, the Georgian silver on the table representing years of daring theft; it seemed as if blood must have been spilled for the wonderful glass and linen and porcelain. Even those guests most hardened in luxury and extravagance looked twice at Mr. Bob Bladgon's picnic preparations before they could find words with which to compliment him upon them; and the less experienced were beside themselves with enthusiasm and delight. But Mr. Bob Blagdon was wondering what little Miss Blythe would think and say, and he thought it unkind of her, under the circumstances, to be the last to arrive. Unkind, because her doing so was either a good omen or an evil one, and he could not make up his mind which.

Mr. Blagdon's servants wore his racing colors, blue and silver, knee breeches, black silk stockings, pumps with silver buckles, and powdered hair. They were men picked for their height, wooden faces and well-turned calves. They moved and behaved as if utterly

untouched and uninterested in their unusual and romantic surroundings; they were like jinns summoned for the occasion by the rubbing of a magic lamp.

At the last moment, when to have been any later would have been either rude or accidental, little Miss Blythe's voice was heard calling from the darkness and asking which of two roads she should take. Half a dozen men rushed off to guide her, and presently she came blinking into the circle of light, followed by Mister Masters, who smiled his crookedest smile and stumbled on a root so that he was cruelly embarrassed.

Little Miss Blythe blinked at the lights, and looked very beautiful. She was all in white and wore no hat. She had a red rose at her throat. She was grave for her—and silent.

The truth was that she had during the last ten minutes made up her mind to ask Mr. Bob Blagdon to drive her home when the picnic should be over. She had asked Mister Masters to drive out with her; and how much that had delighted him nobody knew (alas!) except Mister Masters himself. She had during the last few weeks given him every opportunity which her somewhat unconventional soul could sanction. In a hundred ways she had showed him that she liked him immensely; and well—if he liked her in the same way, he would have managed to show it, in spite of his shyness. The drive out had been a failure. They had gotten no further in conversation than the beauty and the sweet smells of the night. And finally, but God alone knows with what reluctance, she had given him up as a bad job.

The long table with its dozens of candles looked like a huge altar, and she was Iphigenia come to the sacrifice. She had never heard of Iphigenia, but that doesn't matter. At Mister Masters, now seated near the other end of the table, she lifted shy eyes; but he was looking at his plate, and crumbling a piece of bread. It was like saying good-by. She was silent for a moment; then, smiling with a kind of reckless gayety, she lifted her glass of champagne and turned to the host.

"To you!" she said.

Delight swelled in the breast of Mr. Bob Blagdon. He raised his hand, and from a neighboring thicket there rose abruptly the music of banjos and guitars and the loud, sweet singing of negroes.

And then suddenly, toward dessert, laughter died away and nothing was to be heard but such exclamations as: "For heaven's sake, look at the moon!" "Did you ever see anything like it?"

Mr. Blagdon had paid money to the owner of Red Oak Hollow for permission to remove certain trees and thick-

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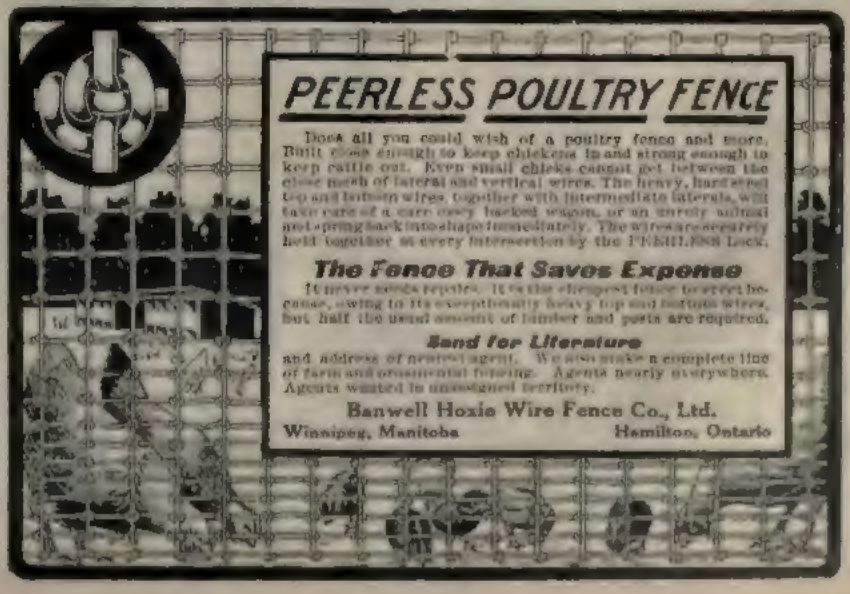

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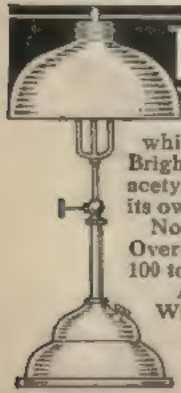

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ets that would otherwise have obstructed his guests' view of the moonrise. At the end of the vista thus obtained the upper rim of the moon now appeared, as in a frame. And, watching in silence, Mr. Blagdon's guests saw the amazing luminary emerge, as it were, from the earth like a bright and blameless soul from the grave, and sail clear, presently, and upward into untroubled space; a glory serene, smiling, and unanswerable.

No one remembered to have seen the moon so large or so bright. Atomized silver poured like tides of light into the surrounding woods; and at the same time heavenly odors of flowers began to move hither and thither, to change places, to return, and pass, like disembodied spirits engaged in some tranquil and celestial dance.

It was not wholly by accident that Mister Masters found himself alone with little Miss Blythe. Emboldened by the gayety of the dinner, and then by the wonder of the moon, he had had the courage to hurry to her side; and though there his courage had failed utterly, his action had been such as to deter others from joining her. So, for there was nothing else to do, they found a thick rug and sat upon it, and leaned their backs against a log.

Little Miss Blythe had not yet asked Mr. Blagdon to drive her home. Though she had made up her mind to do so, it would only be at the last possible moment of the twelfth hour. It was now that eleventh hour in which heroines are rescued by bold lovers. But Mister Masters was no bolder than a mouse. And the moon sailed higher and higher in the heavens.

"Isn't it wonderful ?" said little Miss Blythe.

"Wonderful !"

"Just smell it !"

"Umm."

Her sad, rather frightened eyes wandered over to the noisy group of which Mr. Bob Blagdon was the grave and silent center. He knew that little Miss Blythe would keep her promise. He believed in his heart that her decision would be favorable to him; but he was watching her where she sat with Masters and knew that his belief in what she would decide was not strong enough to make him altogether happy.

"*And* he was old enough to be her father !" repeated the gentleman in the Scotch deer stalker who had been gossiping. Mr. Blagdon smiled, but the words hurt—"old enough to be her father." "My God," he thought, "*I* am old enough—just !" But then he comforted himself with "Why not ? It's how old a man feels, not how old he is."

Then his eyes caught little Miss Blythe's, but she turned hers instantly away.

"This will be the end of the season," she said.

Mister Masters assented. He wanted to tell her how beautiful she looked.

"Do you see old Mr. Black over there?" she said. "He's pretending not to watch us, but he's watching us like a lynx. . . . Did you ever start a piece of news?"

"Never," said Mister Masters.

"It would be rather fun," said little Miss Blythe. "For instance, if we held hands for a moment Mr. Black would see it, and five minutes later everybody would know about it."

Mister Masters screwed his courage up to the sticking place, and took her hand in his. Both looked toward Mr. Black as if inviting him to notice them. Mr. Black was seen almost instantly to whisper to the nearest gentleman.

"There," said little Miss Blythe, and was for withdrawing her hand. But Masters' fingers tightened upon it, and she could feel the pulses beating in their tips. She knew that people were looking, but she felt brazen, unabashed and happy. Mister Masters' grip tightened; it said: "My master has a dozen hearts, and they are all beating —for you." To return that pressure was not an act of little Miss Blythe's will. She could not help herself. Her hand said to Masters: "With the heart—with the soul." Then she was frightened and ashamed, and had a rush of color to the face.

"Let go," she whispered.

But Masters leaned toward her, and though he was trembling with fear and awe and wonder, he found a certain courage and his voice was wonderfully gentle and tender, and he smiled and he whispered: "Boo!"

Only then did he set her hand free. For one reason, there was no need now of so slight a bondage; for another, Mr. Bob Blagdon was approaching them, a little pale but smiling. He held out his hand to little Miss Blythe, and she took it.

"Phyllis," said he, "I know your face so well that there is no need for me to ask, and for you—to deny." He smiled upon her gently, though it cost him an effort. "I wanted her for myself," he turned to Masters with charming frankness, "but even an old man's selfish desires are not proof against the eloquence of youth, and I find a certain happiness in saying from the bottom of my heart—bless you, my children."

The two young people stood before him with bowed heads.

"I am going to send you the silver and glass from the table," said he, "for a wedding present to remind you of my picnic. . . ." He looked upward at the moon. "If I could," said he, "I would give you that." . . .

Then the three stood in silence and looked upward at the moon.

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